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The LION in His Den

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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The Lion in His Den

By the Same Author

LIVING-BOOK IN A LIVING AGE

The Lion in His Den

A Series of Discussions of Books and Life

BY

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

McCORMICK
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DEDICATED TO

THE REVEREND FREDERICK WILLIAM NORWOOD, D.D.

WHOSE MINISTRY AT THE CITY TEMPLE IN LONDON
GIVES JOY AND PRIDE TO ALL HIS FRIENDS,
AND INSPIRATION TO MULTITUDES OF MEN AND WOMEN
ALL OVER THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

54850

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WITH THE READER

The Lion first appeared in *The Christian Century*. And it has been a great happiness to know that he made friends all about the United States.

Many of the chapters herewith published, however, see the light for the first time in this book. The discerning reader will not be misled by the brevity of the conversations. What is really attempted is of course a criticism of life expressed in epigrams and not in weighty and sententious dissertations. And now that it is all done the Lion looks at one wistfully and makes his own the words of the little girl in Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus"—"I don't want to be a might have been." And I reply in all seriousness, "My dear Lion, the best I can do for my children is to let them live in books."

L. H. H.

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THE LION IN HIS DEN

CHAPTER I

Introducing the Lion

THE Lion was just saying—but I am forgetting that you do not know the Lion. He went to the college of liberal arts of a certain great university as John Melton Harper. His career as an athlete every college man knows. His brilliant work in his classes is remembered a bit wistfully by many a quiet professor who is giving his life to the tasks of technical scholarship. His social charm swept everything before it. And it was about the beginning of his junior year that he received the name by which all his friends know him. From that time he was "The Lion." And so it has been ever since. The one football game of his senior year which marks the climax of his athletic achievement is still the subject of yarns which old grads tell, and no freshman with a body as well as a mind is allowed to forget it. He used to slip away in

the summer with great bundles of books and so in vigorous outdoor life and in wide reading his vacations were passed.

After his graduation he was at Oxford for a year. Then he matriculated in the graduate school of the American Institution which does most notable work in research and in due time received his doctor's degree, majoring in history. A month after that the accident occurred. And in a few weeks his friends knew that all his life he would be an invalid with no hope of recovery. The time might come when he could sit up occasionally in an easy chair. But he would never walk again and he would never be capable of work which taxed the little remnant of vitality which was left to him. The first months were full of rebellion and terrible struggle. He said no hard or bitter word. But you could see that the fight was raging as you looked into his eyes. Then came the first indications that he had won his biggest battle. The old light gradually came back to his eyes. The shrewd whimsical mirth played about his speech and the day came when this helpless invalid gave you the impression of being more virile than most of the men you meet upon the street. The vigor and masterful energy of his mind seemed to grow rather than to decrease.

More and more he was able to read the books

for which he cared, and that meant a range as wide as human interest goes. And gradually it became possible for him to write a little and to talk with some of his friends every day. Every few years a book has come from his pen. And the world of scholarship has recognized their technical adequacy and their ripe human charm. But his talk has not been recorded. And it is here that he is really revealed. He sits, as it were, a little apart from life with the perspective of struggle, the insight of suffering, and the outlook which moral and spiritual victory give. But he keeps all his hearty zest for every gripping vigorous activity. He admits he still plays football. Only now he plays football with his mind. He lives at the heart of the world. Yet he has a poise and spiritual serenity of which this tense and overwrought age knows all too little.

Well, as I began, the Lion was saying:

"I'd like to take H. G. Wells and Paul Shorey and rub them together until I made one man out of the two."

"They would both resist the process," I laughed.

"That's just the point," chuckled the Lion, "Of course they would both resist it and yet it is precisely what each one of them needs. If Wells had the high humanistic spirit of fifth century

Athens it would make a new man of him. He misses every defining thing in the treatment of the fifth century in his Outline. And if Professor Shorey could look out on the world with eyes which glowed with the dreams of Wells it would be like Athens and New York joining in a promising and noble wedlock."

"That's just the trouble with you, Old Man," I broke in, "you are all the while trying to join things which cannot be united. I believe if you had been Noah you would have tried to bring each beast into the ark in the particular company of its most deadly antipathy."

The Lion was suddenly serious.

"Don't take the wrong train out of the big station," he said, "you are heading for the wrong destination. If you stop to think for a moment you will see that as a rule every man's interpretation of life needs to be supplemented by some element in the view which he dislikes the most. It is only when we learn from our foes that we become really good fighters."

"There's a difference between learning from our foes and becoming our foes," I objected. "I don't want to be rubbed into the man who is my favorite aversion until I become a part of him."

"You are forgetting that in the meantime he will become a part of you," replied my friend.

"And perhaps each of us will surrender the best instead of the worst of ourselves. Then how will you like the combination?"

"I hope you won't do that," said the Lion, "but if you do, the result will be a man who has at least ceased to be plausible. As it is, each of you capitalizes his insights in getting a hearing for his mistakes. If only the worst of both survive it will stand out for exactly what it is. And there is always the possibility that the best will unite and neutralize the worst and in that case you have done something for your country. You had better go and look up your favorite antipathy. He can do more for you than your best friend."

"But about Wells—" I interjected.

"Wells," said my friend oracularly, "Wells is mind divorced from moral struggle. He would be the greatest possible teacher for a world of clear and easy intellectual levels. There are no heights of awful aspiration. There are no terrible depths down which you gaze with shuddering awe. If you try to read Wells after reading Dante or even after reading Carlyle you know well what I mean. He is crisp and nimble and he has the cool audacity of a mathematical mind. He has his own fine eloquence. But his Utopia would be the urbane home of depleted personalities. The Greek tragedies gave you abysmal gloom. But they

gave you life infinitely rich in the experience which bends the personality to great issues. There is a mathematical modern Heaven where you have to pay for happiness by being eternally commonplace."

"But surely you don't mean to accuse Wells of that sort of thing?" I enquired.

"Of just that," said the Lion. "His bright originality has all its quality of agile energy because you see it against the background of a richer world which he assumes but which he could not keep alive. If you think your way into a world dominated only by the principles and the relationships which belong to his mind in the messianic period of his writing you will see that such a world would be unthinkably dull. His dream of brotherhood is a great dream. But it must be realized along the path of a personal life whose moral and spiritual richness he does not even suspect. Now the fifth century Greek tragedies could teach him—"

"Why not the first century Prophet?" I broke in.

"As for that," said my friend, "Wells is too busy with one or two principles of the first century Prophet ever to have seen his life or his teachings as a whole. He is so busy with a couple of leaves that he has never seen the tree. And

the two or three leaves he knows are not enough for the healing of the nations."

Then I had to go. And the Lion lay back quietly in bed. I wondered if I had allowed him to talk too much. You never can remember that he is ill.

CHAPTER II

Simplification and Sincerity

"ARE you not sometimes baffled by politics," asked the Lion.

"I am sometimes baffled by politicians," I threw back at him.

"Oh, they are not baffling," said the Lion. "They are keeping in office by shrewdly studying their constituency. They are big boys who want to speak at the school exhibition and carefully cultivate those who will select the speakers. Politicians are rather simple and primitive people. It is only politics which are really complex."

"Do you think they are really as simple as that?" I asked, trying to bring my friend from banter to seriousness.

"Oh, not quite so simple as that. But quite truly the politician is not an intellectual problem. He is a psychological problem. Sometimes he is a psychopathic problem. On the other hand politics is one of the most searching forms of mental discipline of which quite often the politician knows just nothing at all."

"And what baffles you at the moment in the life of this robust young Republic?"

"The battle between simplification and sincerity," replied the Lion sententiously.

"Well, that is rather a mouthful," I retorted. "Suppose you illumine my dull mind by giving me a hint as to what you may possibly mean."

"It's this way," said the Lion, with a fascinating little pucker on his brow. "In the days when a great issue arises everything tends to simplification. The whole country takes sides. You are for or against. And the subject can be discerned in clear, large ways. There are two great parties. And each amply develops and urges one of the two possible positions. The fighting may wax very hot. There may be much bitter feeling. But there is a certain intellectual satisfaction in a survey of the relatively simple way in which the lines are drawn."

The Lion rubbed his hands together for a moment as if he generated ideas by a process of friction. Then he went on.

"But in a great country like ours with its vast stretches of territory and its varieties of race and interest and occupation, the actual division becomes infinitely complex. And except in an hour of crisis in relation to some commanding issue all these interests begin to clamor for poli-

tical expression. The labor group, the agricultural group, the native group, the newly naturalized group, the black group, the group of a particular religious affiliation—all these become articulate. The politician tears his hair in frenzy. How is he to get all these people divided into two parties in such a way that his own will win? Every plank in his platform is in danger of alienating three groups for every two it wins. Simplification fights sincerity. For if by an artificial process you can simplify the issues you can perfect your party organization and get through an election even if you do not succeed in doing anything else."

"Do you think that it would be good for these United States to have as many parties as there are diverse groups?" I asked.

The Lion looked up whimsically.

"I began this conversation by asking you if you did not find politics baffling," he said.

CHAPTER III

The Greek Spirit

THE Lion was in one of his restlessly contented moods. I know the phrase seems the most definite sort of contradiction. But there is a certain mood of restless energy of thought and feeling which gives the Lion such satisfaction that any one of his friends would recognize just what I mean by calling it a mood of restless content.

"I have just been talking with a boy who wanted to know something about the Greek spirit," he said.

It was clear that something lay behind the remark and so I waited.

My friend smiled whimsically.

"He has just graduated from one of those green-apple colleges which give a man a certain amount of mental discipline and leave him woefully ignorant of most of the mighty adventures of the spirit of man. He made a flippant remark about the Greeks. It was all so characteristic of the omniscience of the empty mind that I turned

upon him wrathfully. I hurled facts at him like bullets. He stood beside me a little dazed while the onslaught was going on. At last he said, 'I never knew the Greeks were that sort of people. Where can I find out more about them?' "

I laughed aloud at that.

"It must have been a case of very sudden conversion," I said. "And what did you tell him to read?"

The Lion chuckled a little.

"It wasn't really so sudden. This chap knows a good deal about certain aspects of modern science. So I began by telling him what the scientific mind owes to Greece. It was all perfectly new to him. And he has at least the respect for facts which scientific training gives to a student. What did I tell him to read? Well, of course there was only one book with which to begin. That is that fine collection of studies on "The Legacy of Greece," edited by R. W. Livingstone. That will put him right about the relation of the Greeks to science and will start him with a number of other things. Then I told him to read Livingstone's book, "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning for Us," and that memorable volume of lectures by Professor Butcher, "The Originality of Greece." When he has read those books, if he has it in him to suspect what they are about, he

will go on until he really discovers the meaning of Greece for the life of the world."

We were silent for a moment. Then my friend went on.

"Really I am fairly startled by the illiteracy of a good many college graduates. The abysmal ignorance of the fashion in which the human spirit has moved out on its long journey among the forces of nature and among the possibilities of human relationships and in the vast quest for God fairly astounds me. Even in scientific matters our typical college boy hasn't a glimmer of the history of scientific achievement. He does not know science as a human adventure. And that is the knowledge without which all other scientific attainment is incapable of becoming fully fruitful. A large proportion of these fine lads just out of college who come to see me do not even know what sort of thing it would be to enter upon the cultivation of the intellectual life. I wonder sometimes what would happen if the intellectual life should be made a student activity upon the campus of one of our universities."

The Lion looked at me with a sort of humorous defiance in his eye.

"You are still wanting to transplant Oxford to America," I suggested.

"No, I do not want to transplant Oxford. I

want to see America develop the equivalent of Oxford in the terms of its own experience and life."

"Perhaps that is just what it is doing," I replied.

"What it is doing," declared the Lion, "is to substitute technical knowledge for erudition and the capacity to classify materials for the power to appreciate which is the product of ripe and mellow culture. It is falling a victim to the age of machinery. It is producing a good many graduates who are not only innocent of culture but who are incapable of culture."

"And so you are going to send your friends back to Athens. What do you expect them to carry into America when they return?"

The eyes of my friend kindled.

"I expect them to bring the wide moving curiosity of a really awakened mind. I expect them to know the difference between facts and living knowledge. I expect them to have a dawning sense of harmony and proportion. I expect them to be able to distinguish between machinery and personality. I expect—"

But just here I was called to the telephone and so the conversation ended for the day.

CHAPTER IV

A Mind Which Probes

THE other afternoon I ran in to say "good-by" to my friend before starting off for Europe. There was a touch of wistfulness in his steady eyes as we talked of the ocean and the old world, and I turned the conversation into other channels as quickly as I could make the change without arousing his suspicion.

Two books were lying beside him on the bed. Both were by Bishop Francis J. McConnell. One was "Living Together." The other was "Is God Limited?" The Lion followed my eyes as they rested upon these books.

"Yes, I have been back with Bishop McConnell again," he said. "Do you know I have read every one of his books? And for years I have followed his more incidental writings with the greatest interest. There is a world of remorseless honesty always, and there is a power of analysis which fairly startles one at times. And back of it all there is a wealth of simple, true feeling which simply will not be shut up in the forms of

logic. But the feeling never gets into the saddle. The shrewd sense of life's incongruities and of the inconsistencies of thought and action always prevents that. But back of the most cutting sarcasm, the wells of feeling remain and they enrich every activity of this able and dauntless Bishop."

"I remember that you were very keen about his leadership in the Inter-Church investigation of the Steel Trust," I remarked.

The face of the Lion brightened at the memory.

"Yes it was a great thing to have his sort of man at the head of it. He is a veritable incarnation of poise and brain power, a man with capacity for infinite care in investigation and a man who simply cannot be stampeded.

"And how he keeps his eyes on the important problem. Take this book 'Living Together.' You face the problems of church unity, of the church and labor, of the saving of patriotism, of better terms with science, and of the rising tides of color. The very subjects give you a picture of our contemporary situation. And with what trenchant power the questions are discussed."

The Lion picked up the volume, "Is God Limited?"

"Under everything else Bishop McConnell has the mind of a philosopher. And it is good to have him lifting philosophical issues again. Re-

lativity, Law, Evolution, and searching metaphysical matters are discussed by a mind which flashes like a sharp sword. Then from philosophical principles you are led into the discussion of prayer, immortality, racial antipathy, and a world of current matters. Then this virile thinker leads you to a final consideration of the divine personality and the ultimate place of Christ. It is a great thing to get a sound metaphysical basis under the social passion."

I hurried off soon after that but I thought of a number of good books which are somehow thin for all their goodness and I repeated the Lion's phrase "a sound metaphysical basis for the social passion."

CHAPTER V

A Scholar and a Man of Letters

THE Lion was holding a book in his hand. Bending over beside him I read the title: "Letters of Principal James Denney to W. Robertson Nicoll 1893-1917." My friend was gazing at the portrait of Dr. Denney opposite the title page of the book. It revealed a strong, severe face, the face of a student and scholar. But it did not tell the secret of the vital tang of the author's style nor did it hint the presence of a low-burning humor or the play of dark-gleaming wit.

"It was easy to misunderstand Denney. And it was easy to underestimate him," began the Lion. "Think of a theologian who was able to say that if the historical plays of Shakespeare were lost he could repeat them from memory. Think of a stern Scottish professor replying to a friend who had suggested that you must be under twenty to get a real taste of Byron, by saying 'Yes, but, Byron has something for us even in the sixties,' and then humorously refusing to state what it was.

Men were likely to get a sense from afar of Dr. Denney's extremely conservative theological position and then never come to appreciate the ripeness of his scholarship of the keenness and elasticity of his mind."

My friend looked across the room to where several volumes of Principal Denney's stood on one of the shelves.

"I began with 'Studies in Theology,'" he said. "And oddly enough it was the standing ground they gave for a man who wanted to accept the general position of modern critical scholarship which first gripped me. Then the clear and cogent way in which the author made a way for the understanding of how men who had never heard of Christ met in their own fashion an opportunity for moral and spiritual decision greatly helped me as to a matter which had caused me some burnings of heart. The publication of 'The Death of Christ' found me in a receptive mood. Some particularly searching experience of struggle and defeat had made me ready for the almost terrible moral realism which gives tone to this New Testament study. Frankly, I accepted Dr. Denney's interpretation the more readily because the Christ who speaks from the cross had come to have in my own life just the sort of place which the author was so sure critical study would reveal as

belonging to Him in the New Testament and in His own consciousness. I dipped into his other books and read carefully his posthumous volume of lectures. His daring criticism always roused and stimulated me. His literary style with all its pungent energy held my mind at sharp attention. And his central message as to the meaning of the cross has always spoken deeply to me."

"A good many men have found Denney the author of hard sayings," I interjected.

"I do not mean at all that he seems to me a complete and well-rounded Christian thinker," replied the Lion. "Occasionally one finds a metallic quality in his thinking which hardly suggests that he is in contact with reality. He never speaks of the mystical side of Christianity in words which satisfy me. And I am afraid he was so much taken up with the thought of the inadequacies of some men's presentation of the social aspects of Christianity that the great tidal movement of our time in Christian things was never viewed by him with understanding sympathy. He had one great and mastering word to say and he said it with memorable power. And while I must go to many other men for many other things I think I must say quite simply that I think his fundamental word was a true word."

I was by this time holding the volume of letters in my hand, "What about these?" I asked.

"I have read them with constant relish," replied my friend. "There are pages of good talk about books and Dr. Denney writes more freely or at least with an easier frankness of expression in his letters than would be possible in a more formal statement. All sorts of books on the New Testament and in respect of the interpretation of Christianity pass before our notice. There is many a glimpse into the study of a busy scholar and in spite of the reticence there is many a quick revelation of a very noble and responsive heart. It is good writing and there are very telling bits of criticism and very discriminating bits of comment. Take this (the book was now again in the hands of the Lion): 'Most people will agree with what you say about theological colleges making believers uncomfortable, but I am not sure that burning is the cure. I fancy it must be establishing a more intimate connection between them and the life and work of the church.' Or at a deeper level take this: 'It needs the whole of the New Testament to show what Christ is, and the man only deceives himself when he goes behind Christianity, and exhibits the historical Jesus as a figure which could never have created Christianity at all.' Or in an entirely different vein take this:

'The only man of whom Wesley reminds me is B. Franklin. They have the same relentless practicality and effectiveness in their minds and something of the same kind of limitation.' To me one of the most interesting things in the whole volume of letters was this: 'I had (Kirsopp) Lake staying with me, and much as I dislike his opinions I took to the man very much. He said my review in the *British Weekly* was the only serious review his book had.' It is wonderfully interesting to think of Dr. Denney and Professor Lake talking together in this intimate and friendly way. Altogether I like the letters so well that I shall read them again. And that means more than adjectives. Sometimes you throw an author an adjective in order to get rid of him. If you go back to his book for a second reading it means that it really has something for you."

CHAPTER VI

Mysticism and Criticism

IT was at the close of a busy day. I dropped in upon the Lion hoping for an evening of gay and merry talk about the light and incidental matters of literature. But I found my friend's mind full of thoughts about Old Testament history and criticism. And concerning these things he would talk.

"It seems a good many years now," he began, "since I first became interested in Old Testament scholarship. I think the death of Professor A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, in 1902, was really the beginning. The *British Weekly* contained an astonishing series of articles of appreciation of the great teacher. And from these articles I went on to read the writings of Davidson and W. Robertson Smith and Driver and George Adam Smith and the others. It opened up a new world to me. The chapter on 'The Sin Against Love,' in George Adam Smith's interpretation of Hosea in 'The Book of the Twelve,' was almost an epoch in my life."

The Lion lay quite still for a moment. Then, with a deep and shining light in his eye, he said, "Do you remember the sentence Sir George Adam Smith flashed out in one of his lectures on Jeremiah delivered in America years ago—the sentence, 'Jeremiah reminds you of one of those shells whose shriek is heard above the noise of battle and whose very mission is performed in its explosion.' That sort of thing brings the dead past to life, doesn't it?"

My friend put his hand on some books which lay within reach.

"I went through the volumes of Kent's 'Historical Bible' recently with constant appreciation of their industrious scholarship, their sympathy, and their daring treatment of the materials. Then I fell to wanting to go through a new 'Old Testament Introduction.' Driver's treatment of that task had been my last experience. I chanced to read an announcement that the last two volumes of Professor Frederick Carl Eiselen's four-volume 'Old Testament Introduction' had just come from the press. I ordered the four, and what a good time I have been having! Professor Eiselen has considered all the problems. He marshals all the authorities. He is open minded, but he is never easily swept off his feet. He has a really judicial mind. And he writes in a fashion

which disarms prejudice and must appeal even to the reader who approaches modern methods with hesitation and dislike. He carries a vast amount of scholarship without self-consciousness and with a certain simplicity of mind in which I found much pleasure. He clears the field and a man is ready to go on thinking and brooding and appropriating the old Testament's inspirations feeling that all his work is done in the light of what is really going on in Old Testament Scholarship."

"There you have let out the secret of your method," I broke in. "You will have your hours of brooding appropriation of the great words of the Bible. But you must think as a scholar before you brood as a mystic."

"Why not?" asked the Lion. "We shall attend the nuptials of mysticism and criticism one of these days. And a great wedding it will be."

The Lion is always bringing together things people have kept in different compartments of their minds, and when he does, I go off to think it over by myself as I did the other night.

CHAPTER VII

In These United States

THE Lion owned a comfortable cottage by the sea and here he spent most of his summers. The matter of travel was always a painful and trying experience, but this virile invalid insisted upon taking certain journeys in spite of the suffering they involved. He was always particularly bright and keen when traveling. Then you were sure to see what I once called his "soldier's smile." He flushed a little angrily when I used this phrase and I never brought it out in his presence again.

This particular afternoon he was lying on a couch by an open window overlooking the Atlantic. Beside him was a table with the usual assortment of books and papers and magazines. There was a little sparkle in my friend's eye as I entered the room. He went at once to the subject in his mind, as was his way.

"I've just finished reading William E. Dodd's book on Woodrow Wilson," he began. "This professor in the University of Chicago has done a notable piece of work."

He held the book in his hand, turning the pages easily for a moment. Then he went on.

"Professor Dodd is a man of the South with the instincts and attitude of a southern gentleman. He is a democrat whose democracy is deep in his blood. He is a man of social enthusiasm, awake to all the fresher currents of contemporary life and thought. His style is direct and energetic. There is very little charm of phrase, and there is no subtle or delicate coloring in the writing of paragraphs. But he has a story to tell. He has made a long and careful and industrious and scientific investigation. And he tells the story with conviction and with power."

Once again my friend waited a moment. Then his voice became a bit more vibrant.

"What a story it is!" he said. "This tale of a man who dared to take the ideals of a Presbyterian parsonage into the councils of the nation. It is the story of the greatest dream which has been dreamed in our time, and he found the dream in the New Testament."

> " 'One man with a dream at pleasure,
> Can go forth to conquer a crown,
> And two with a new made measure,
> Can trample an empire down.' "

I quoted. The Lion listened with friendly sympathy to the familiar words.

"But he didn't conquer a crown, unless it was a crown of thorns," he said.

"And why did everything go wrong at last?" I asked.

"That's what Professor Dodd's book tells you," replied the Lion. "At least he tells you a part of it. And you have a better understanding of the story of our own times in America, and of many a subtle relationship of European politics when you have finished the book. Against what odds Wilson fought! He was crushed between the partisan politicians at home and the sordid diplomats of Europe. But it was a magnificent failure. It was the sort of failure men cannot forget. Wilson will capture men's imaginations. He will haunt their consciences. He will keep coming into their minds. And because they cannot forget, some day they will set about doing the thing for which he gave his health and almost gave his life."

Fresh breezes were blowing in from the ocean while we talked.

I picked another volume from the table. It was Paul Haworth's "History of the United States in Our Own Times."

"You are going in for contemporary America rather vigorously," I observed.

"It's a good piece of writing," replied the Lion.

"You get a very intimate view of the development of the United States from the close of the Civil War to the close of the European conflict. There is a particularly clear and cogent account of the social and economic development through which we have been passing. There is more to be said. But this book gives you more than most Americans have clearly in their minds. I'd like to have every leader of men and of movements in this country read it. And if people on the other side of the sea could be persuaded to read it they would understand us better?"

The Lion moved his head a little impatiently on his pillow.

"Most Americans know very little about American history," he said. "A man ought to read Wilson's exquisitely written 'History of the American People,' with its clear and luminous picture of Europe in the background all the while. He ought to read Rhodes' volumes about the period when we approached our greatest conflict, the period of its waging, and the period of its aftermath. Then he ought to read Haworth's book to see the rise of new problems, and Dodd's biography for the stage setting of our own day."

As I walked away from the house along the shore I thought a little wistfully of this meditative

invalid living over the past of our nation and peering forward to decipher its future. After all, a busy, active man could also find time to read and to think if he really set himself about it.

CHAPTER VIII

A Seventeenth Century Worthy

THE Lion is very proud of his Scottish blood. Not that he talks about it. He is too proud to talk about it. It is probably true that all profound natures find it a baffling thing to make connections between their deepest feelings and their words. At any rate if you want to know how the Lion feels about Scotland you must watch his eyes. I told him this once and he replied that he kept Scotland not on the tip of his tongue but in the bottom of his heart.

The other day I came upon him with the second series of that fine work "The Evangelical Succession" in his hand. You may remember that in the years from 1882 to 1884 that powerful minister Alexander Whyte secured the services of many men eminent in scholarship and theology to discuss each one figure belong to that stately line of Christian leaders denominated the Evangelical Succession. This notable series is out of print but the Lion found them in a second-hand book store on one of his trips to London before his dark day, and now he goes back to the series

once in a while with a relish which never seems to fail.

"I have been reading about Alexander Henderson," he declared, holding the open book toward my outstretched hand. I saw by the light in his eye that his mind and his heart were in the land of the heather and that he was marching in spirit to the music of its heroic days.

"I can hear the bagpipes playing," I said whimsically, as I held the book quietly in my hand.

"Man, but Henderson was a leader!" the Lion was saying enthusiastically. "Poised and urbane, with a heart of fire under his quiet exterior. A great master of assemblies in the literal sense of the word. A keen mind united to a dauntless loyalty. You could trust him to see through the cleverest bit of subterfuge. A diplomat who could meet Charles the First on his own ground, playing his sincerity against the King's duplicity and insincerity. A scholar whose years in a country parish had ripened a pastor's heart while they had burnished the mind of a man of learning. A nation is safe if its country churches hide somewhere men of the kidney of Henderson. And all the while he moved without dizziness or confusion in the high places of the earth because his heart was not in them but in the invisible court of the King of Kings."

"Seventeenth Century Scotland and England have been living in your mind today," I said, when the Lion paused for a moment.

His eyes were shining as he went on.

"You should watch Henderson in the day of the great Covenant in 1637. You should watch the overthrow of a tyrannical church which had been forced upon the nation by tyrannical Kings. You should sense the quiet dignity and the power of it. And Henderson stands at the very centre of those great achievements."

"Do you suppose there are great men of Henderson's spirit in country churches in this Republic?" I asked.

The Lion was silent for a while. Then he said slowly, "That question makes me want to ask a great many others."

CHAPTER IX

A Prophet of Today Who Has Not Forgotten Yesterday

"WHY did we let him go?" asked the Lion.

"Do you think we were really ready for him?" I countered.

We were speaking of Dr. John Kelman who had resigned the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City to accept the pastorate of Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Frognal, a part of that fine suburb of London, which in general knows the name Hampstead.

The Lion was lying quietly in what I could surmise was a mood of memories. And soon my guess was verified.

"I remember how I began with Dr. Kelman," he said, "Somehow I came across his book on Robert Louis Stevenson. Later I learned that a great authority had called it the first book in which Stevenson really lived. I read the book with a kind of bright happiness. It kept saying

those things about Stevenson which indicated understanding, insight, and sympathy. You felt that it was the sort of book Stevenson himself would have been glad to have someone write about him. Then I picked up "Among Famous Books." It had all the marks of the true book lover. There was ardor, there was comprehension, there was individual taste. And there was not a little critical ability. I was in Edinburgh and heard Dr. Kelman at Free Saint George's when he was first colleague then successor of that mighty man Dr. Alexander Whyte. I also heard him at one of those meetings to which he drew Edinburgh's young men, speaking to them with an allurement and a potency not matched since the days of Henry Drummond. His two volumes interpreting 'Pilgrim's Progress' were a revelation to me. I had not supposed that Bunyan could be translated into the language of Matthew Arnold. But here it was done. Dr. Kelman set the great Evangelical talking Greek. The book "Things Eternal" gave me a new definition of devotional writing. The Yale lectures on preaching combined the passion of the war with many a bit of wise and effective suggestion about preaching spoken out of the mind and heart of a man to whom the university of experience had given a higher degree than any he had received in the schools. The book dealing

with international Christianity reminded me of the varied experience which had make Dr. Kelman a cosmopolitan in sympathy as well as a proud citizen of the British Empire. 'Three Prophets of Yesterday and their Message for Today' came from the very centre of his own life. For in him the Hebrew and the Greek had contended. And in him too there had been wrought out a synthesis—even as in the Victorian age he saw a literary example of Hegelian dialectic: Thomas Carlyle—Hebrew,—the Thesis; Matthew Arnold—Greek, the Antithesis; Robert Browning —Christian, the Synthesis. For deeper than anything else to Dr. Kelman is the fact that Christianity reconciles the Hebrew and the Greek elements in a higher unity. When Jesus said 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' He was a Hebrew thinking of preservation from moral decay. When He said 'Ye are the light of the world,' He was a Greek thinking of moral and spiritual illumination. But He said both. And He transcended both in the very moment when He included the deepest message of each. Something like that is the gospel of John Kelman. Once again I ask, 'Why did we let him go?'

"Well, to use your own figure," I replied, "we know something of the Hebrew note. I am afraid we know all too little of the Greek note. Do you

think we are really ready for the prophet of the higher unity?"—and without waiting for the Lion to reply, I added the last word of this particular conversation.

"At any rate I am glad to think of him at the centre of the English-speaking world speaking his great word of interpretation. Hampstead is not really far from anywhere in London if you are really hungry for Dr. Kelman's message. The people who are ready for him will find their way to Frognal. And the lines of his influence will continue to move quietly but surely out to the very ends of the earth?"

CHAPTER X

America Again

THERE were two books beside my friend's bed on the little table the other day when I entered his room. One was Paul L. Haworth's "United States in Our Own Times." The other was Frederic L. Paxson's "Recent History of the United States." I picked them up rather idly but soon became interested following the individual markings which showed the trail of the mind of the Lion as he had gone through these books.

"Better fifty years of America—" I began to paraphrase with scant regard to accent or rhythm, when the Lion interrupted me.

"It really is better," he declared. "You read the story with a good deal of amazement even though you have lived through it. The terrific speed of the thing fairly startles you. Everything seems to be trying to happen all at once. Events seem too big for the men who take part in them. You feel as if you are watching a crowd of boys taking a joy ride on an elephant. You

feel as if you are watching a crowd of precocious children let loose in a laboratory and playing with forces mighty enough to blow up a town. But there is a purpose in it all. And there is mind in it too. These children are wonderfully mature and able as organizers if they are innocent of many of the things which have given richness and ripeness to the world. They see clearly and they think directly and they have a sort of clean vigor in spite of their vices. They have the promise of youth and once and again you see a light in their eye which in its own tell-tale fashion reveals what a wealth of noble idealism they will produce when once they grow out of the day of irresponsible childhood into the day of maturity."

"Do you get all that from Haworth and Paxson or do you plow it up out of your own mind?" I asked when the Lion paused for breath.

"They give me the raw material," he laughed back. "I will confess that I hand it on to you worked up a bit."

He waited a moment. Then he continued:

"The amazing thing about all these wonderful and able Americans is their invincible habit of youth. They keep believing things about which most of the world has become cynical. They keep doing things most of the world has given up as impossible. You feel as if you have been living in

the twilight in Europe and now for the first time you come out into clear and hopeful day with the sun shining and the most wonderful and inspiring air blowing all about you. Of course the twilight has some fine things in it we haven't managed to get into our sunlit days. But at least we are witnessing the adolescence of a race that is coming and not the decadence mellow and autumnal of a race which is going."

"As a matter of fact, I have read both these books," I said at length. "I liked them immensely. The fact that I read most of Professor Paxson's book in a steamer coming home from Europe made it all the more interesting. But it did leave some long and serious thoughts as well as some proud and happy ones."

"You felt that the epitomizer of the ages hadn't epitomized sufficiently?" asked the Lion.

"Not quite that," I replied. "But I was struck by the omissions in both books. I was immensely impressed by the fact that men could write a history of the last fifty years and have so little to say about some things. The study of the subjects not discussed in these volumes would be an interesting commentary on American life during the period."

"I am not sure that it would be just one," replied the Lion. "You have to read a large num-

ber of biographies of scholars and the men of letters and statesmen and preachers if you want to get a composite picture of the life of the mind in America during the last fifty years. And when you put it all together you will find that the period has been more rich and fruitful than you might suppose."

"There have been no end of rare flowers," I argued back, "but I am talking of the flowers in all the gardens."

The Lion smiled one of his happy inscrutable smiles.

"The rare flowers are getting in numberless gardens," he said. "By and by they will be blooming in all our hearts and then it will be possible to save America from the leaders without vision and the men without citizenship in the great human world."

"Precisely," I flashed back. But just then I was called to the telephone and so did not have an opportunity to follow up my advantage.

CHAPTER XI

A Prophet and an Artist

THERE was a particularly easy chair beside the couch upon which the Lion lay. I dropped into it a little weary after a full day's work. On the little table within easy reach of my friend lay the usual assortment of books. I picked up two of them. On each I read the name of Dr. J. H. Jowett. One was "The Eagle Life." The other was "The Friend on the Road." My friend watched me silently as I fingered the pages of the two books. I was picking out a phrase and a sentence and a paragraph here and there and so we sat until the quiet of the room and the gentle friendliness of the books and Dr. Jowett's writing had wrought their own magic and the wheels of my mind began to move with easy energy.

"Well?" I said at last looking up.

"Well?" the Lion enquired with a quizzical smile.

"No, I don't intend to talk today," I insisted. "Here you have been with these two books all

day, and you are full of thoughts and feelings all ready to creep into words. Let me have some of them."

The Lion moved a little as he prepared to speak.

"Dr. Jowett keeps growing for me as the years go by," he began. "I heard him first years ago when he was at Carr's Lane in Birmingham. One felt at once the delicacy and grace of his mind and the subtle spiritual charm of his preaching. Dale has always seemed to me like a great cathedral. Jowett seemed like the marvelously embroidered communion cloth upon its altar. I was interested in the rare art which hid from sight the fact that it was art at all. I never forgot the sermon. But Dr. Jowett did not become one of my preachers. I was in all the hot enthusiasm of athletic activities. I had just been going back to Kingsley and my own mind responded to the yeast of a new restless social passion. I wanted a rugged voice all full of the sense of the thrust of verbal swords. Once in a while I would find a quiet mood when I would read a book by the minister of Carr's Lane with the feeling that I was listening to the horns of some wonderful spiritual elfland. But it all seemed remote from the world where I was living."

My friend lay very still for a moment. I was half afraid he would not go on.

"Then came the day when I was put out of the fight. And a good many other days followed after. Gradually I came to read many things and I found that I was asking new things of books and receiving new things from them. One day I picked up Dr. Jowett's 'Brooks by the Traveler's Way.' In a page or two I found its author all over again. Of course the change was not in him. It was in me. I knew now by a curious insight with what hard training in the gymnasium of the spirit it had become possible for this man to write with his gentle serene understanding of the evasive secrets of the soul which so easily elude the seeker that they can hardly be put into words. I found the virility back of all his gentleness and the strength back of all his fineness. It was as if a man who had only cared for a brass band had learned to love a violin. I had found a new instrument and I had found a master who knew deep and wonderful secrets of the music of the spirit."

The evening sun came through the western windows as the Lion spoke. Then when he was silent the colors out on the sky had their own words to speak and we sat there together in the companionship of the swan song of color as the day bade the world farewell. At last the greys

began to take the place of the reds and the purples and in the growing shadows my friend spoke again:

"These two books keep up the high tradition. 'The Eagle Life' is a series of meditations, brooding, and understanding and rewarding upon many a seminal sentence—these sentences gathered like flowers from the Old Testament. 'The Friend on the Road' is a similar collection based upon luminous words which glow in the heart of the New Testament. The marks of the passing years are upon these volumes. There is many a line now upon the face of Dr. Jowett's art, worn there by the cruel anxieties of the years of the war. There is many a phrase the cut of whose insight comes from the searching experiences of the difficult days through which we are passing. There is a new sweep of the mind. There is a deep response to the perplexities of this bewildered age. But under all and through all there is the same sure music of the eternal verities. The tone of the music has deepened. Its minor is more poignant. The hand which holds the bow can draw more mellow meaning from the strings. But rising from the human sympathy, high above the voices of this troubled age as they speak in this understanding interpretation, is the authentic voice of per-

fect peace and everlasting serenity which is the voice of God. So Dr. Jowett has become one of my preachers. And now I go back to him day after day."

CHAPTER XII

A True Portrait

THE Lion was holding in his hand the new life of Dr. Jowett by that keen and understanding journalist Mr. Arthur Porritt.

"John Henry Jowett,
C.H., M.A., D.D.
by
Arthur Porritt
with a foreword by
The Archbishop of Canterbury."

I read as my friend held the book open at the title page before my eye.

"You have read it?" I asked.

"Every word of it," replied the Lion.

"And what is your verdict?" I enquired, in eager pursuit of my friend's mind.

He waited a little turning the leaves with a delicate and affectionate touch. Then he spoke.

"Do you know I was almost afraid to read it?" he began. "Of course I knew from Mr. Porritt's bright and clever book, 'The Best I Remember,' how wide ranging a mind and what a wealth of

human sympathy he would bring to any task. But after all that was not enough. For Jowett was not as other men. There was an extreme delicacy of texture about him which reminds one of the loveliest lace. There was something like an evanescent moment as the sunset reveals itself in one flame of softened and yet glowing radiance just before the coming of the darkness. To picture Jowett all this must be brought to light. If the colors are too strong it is not Jowett at all. If they fade away and lack firmness it is no more a picture of the great preacher than if the pigments are too heavily laid upon the canvas. I am afraid I opened the book expecting to find a great wealth of material about Jowett, all set forth with a certain bright skill, but after all not a full-length portrait of the elusive, mysterious personality which captured and yet in a sense baffled the English-speaking world."

Once more my friend was quite silent turning the pages slowly. Then he went on:

"The facts are here. It does not seem that anything that really matters is omitted. With a patient industry Mr. Porritt has gathered from varied sources just those things which we want to know. He lets Jowett speak for himself. Multiplied letters are quoted each just at the right moment and each with its new revelation of the

mind and the heart of the author. You know the history of his ministry. You know his public work. You know his methods of study and of sermon preparation. You have just the right background for all this in the life of the time. All Mr. Porritt's years in Fleet Street have given him the seeing eye. And the tale he tells unfolds a panorama which in its general features he has watched for many years. You are led to know something of Jowett's habits of devotion, and you get hints of his wonderful home life, though here, as is fitting, Mr. Porritt speaks with a reserve which Jowett himself would have approved. But it is really of none of these details that I am thinking. The real achievement comes to this. Out of all the facts and interpretations the figure of Jowett himself arises, with that impalpable charm that gracious fragrance of the spirit, that combination of a shy and a sensitive nature with the firmness of tempered steel, that living in the light of the eternal, and that perpetual mastery of all the artistry of subtly woven words to tell the experience, which first captured the imagination and then won the heart of those who care for the things of the spirit in Birmingham, and New York, and London. There are a great many other things one wants to say, but first of all I should like to break into Mr. Porritt's office in

Fleet Street and thank him for capturing and giving permanent expression to the quality of so elusive a personality. The reader of Jowett's sermons will come to them with a new understanding after he has closed this book. And he will understand what exquisite and delicate flowers of the spirit can bloom amidst the smoke and the buzzing wheels of this age of whirring machines."

CHAPTER XIII

One American Mind

THE Lion was not reading. He was thinking. But it was not hard to see where he found inspiration for his thought. Beside him lay four books by that minister of subtly distinguished style, Dr. Gaius Glen Atkins. The books were these: "Pilgrims of the Lonely Road," "The Undiscovered Country," "Jerusalem Past and Present," and "Modern Religious Cults and Movements." I stood looking at the books for a moment or two and waiting for the Lion to speak. After a little he looked up.

"As you see, I've been spending the afternoon with your friend Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins. And a tremendously good afternoon it has been."

He moved a little on the bed to find a more comfortable position. Then he went on: "About three years ago I first discovered Dr. Atkins. By the merest chance I saw a reference to 'The Pilgrims of the Lonely Road.' I had known the name of its author before, but he had been just a name and nothing more. But this title held my atten-

tion. I thought I knew something about the lonely road, and I felt a sudden curiosity to see if the man who had constructed this title also knew. Well, I hadn't gotten far into it until my questions were all answered, but better than that I had found a new friend. It didn't in the slightest matter whether I should ever see Dr. Atkins in the flesh. The important thing was that I had made friends with his mind."

The Lion held the "Pilgrims of the Lonely Road" in his hand, touching the volume with a kind of quiet affection.

"It isn't simply that this book tells about people who have walked in the solitary way. You very soon know that he too has been a pilgrim or he would never know in such a fashion the secrets of the Road. And what a style he has! It required years to achieve that vehicle of expression. The gentleness, the grace, the steady strength, the penetrating phrase, and the slow and patient distillation of the music of the mind—all this I welcomed with a sort of rapture. It seemed almost too good to be true—perhaps it was too good to be false—that in the midst of America's most characteristically vigorous expression of the new industry, this mind pursued its ripe and gracious way. It requires some mental effort to think of the automatic machine

and of Gaius Glenn Atkins at the same moment. But of course he is much more than a man who has opened mystic portals and after walking within has come back with a strange and haunting grace hanging about his words. He is a man of his own time who loves a farm and possesses a truly scientific knowledge of nature and delights in a rugged word and an incisive and honest phrase. It is this combination of the scientific mind and the mystical insight which perhaps appeals most to one. You feel that in 'The Undiscovered Country,' and it gives its own definition to that very notable book 'Modern Religious Cults and Movements.' Whatever a man has read about Christian Science and other such movements he has left a great empty place in his understanding until he reads Dr. Atkins's book. It is far and away the most significant of recent studies of religious phenomena written—well, I should be inclined to go so far as to say—of those written in the English-speaking world. Sympathy and criticism, appraisal and understanding, are all here. There is an adequate historical perspective, and so you have more than a study. You have a magnum opus."

We were silent a little while.

"You find the historical perspective in 'Jerusalem Past and Present,' " I ventured.

"Yes, you see the city of the Ages come right into this age," said the Lion.

But it was of "Modern Religious Cults and Movements" that I was thinking as I walked away.

CHAPTER XIV

Complacent Cynicism

THE two of us had been quite silent for a half hour. The twilight had deepened into darkness and the moon was peering with a sort of insistent questioning through the window. And in the stillness there was a sense of companionship to which neither of us was insensible.

"The best thing about life is that the stars may keep their brightness," said my friend at last.

"Your stars keep learning new secrets of radiance," I replied quietly.

There was no direct reply from the man lying on the bed, but after a little he spoke again.

"Joe Newton was here, today," he said, and there was a certain suggestion of significance in his tone.

"I haven't seen Joe for a good many years," I replied, "but I hear he is the pastor of a great church in the West."

"Yes, he is still preaching," said the Lion. Then with a touch of very unusual bitterness he added, "I wonder what he preaches about?"

His tone arrested me. "What's got the matter with Joe?" I asked.

"I don't know at all," said the Lion, "except that for shrewd and cynical disillusionment I haven't met his equal in many a day. He thinks of people as pawns in a game. And he knows how to handle them right well. That is evident. He has a rather ugly complacency. You can see him moving about with adroit flatteries and subtle ministries to human vanity as he talks. He knows the right people, he says. He knows what buttons to press. He admits that he doesn't need a publicity expert. He knows the game better than any of them. It's all a matter of passwords, he says, and he doesn't need a notebook for the passwords, though there are a good many of them. He is full of health and energy and exuberant bodily life. He has a flashing eye, with a keen-edged mirth touched by something a bit sardonic. He is like a price list not very closely connected with actual values. And he is a *preacher!*" The emphasis on the words of the last sentence I cannot reproduce and I scarcely know how to suggest it.

We were still in the darkness and once more fell into silence. After a while I emerged.

"Is it as bad as that with Joe," I asked.

"It's fairly bad," replied the Lion. "I tried

a good many approaches. You can't always judge a man by his surfaces. And perhaps I failed to touch the right spring. At all events I could find nothing but hard glitter, and there was a strange depression in the atmosphere when the chap we knew so many years ago had gone. It was as if one had been looking for sunlight and a glare of electricity had been turned on instead."

"And you have come to the conclusion that if the church is to be saved from futility the preachers must be saved from contentment with superficial success," I said, a bit too sententiously I fear.

"Oh, I'm not attacking preachers as a class, though I admit the principle 'like people, like priest,'" said the Lion. "And since there is no sun at the moment turn on the electric light, and read 'Bishop Blougram's Apology.'"

CHAPTER XV

Speaking of Mirrors

THE Lion was holding a book in his hand. He was making little inarticulate sounds of mirth as he read. I stood beside him waiting. He turned the book toward me and I caught its title, "The Mirrors of Washington." "Have you read it?" he asked.

"I finished it last night," was my reply.

"And what do you think of it?"

"A clever bit of cynicism now and then is relished by the best of men," I paraphrased.

"It is all that," admitted the Lion, "and more, the way in which the author uses that sharp, thin blade of his. Listen to this: 'After his election he (President Harding) took Senators Freylinghuysen, Hale, and Elkins with him on his trip to Texas. Senator Knox, observing his choice, is reported to have said, 'I think he is taking those three along because he wanted complete mental relaxation.' " Or take this: 'It is characteristic of certain temperaments that when they first face life they should run away from it, as Mr. Wilson did, when, having studied law and having been

admitted to the bar, he abandoned practice and went to teach in a girls' school.' And here are two other morsels: 'Washington gossip credits him (Woodrow Wilson) with inventing the phrase, "the bungalow mind," to describe the present occupant of the White House.' Another remark of his anent the new President is said to have been, 'I look forward to the new administration with no unpleasant anticipations except those caused by Mr. Harding's literary style.' There is a good deal of wicked malice in this sort of thing. But it is done with a flash and energy and often with a penetration which makes you see to the heart of a man's inadequacy even while you laugh."

My friend kept turning over the pages of the book. He came to the discussion of Senator Lodge: "This is a work of art," he declared, "black art perhaps, but wonderfully effective. It is as if some mischievous demon had told all of Senator Lodge's dark secrets before the day of judgment. Some times you feel that the worst you can say of a certain type of man is that he has to live with himself." The Lion mused for a moment. Then he went on: "This book is a gallery of petty men seen against the background of great issues. He makes you see Lansing as a study in timorous futility. Colonel House is a pleased spectator, quite out of place when he finds

that by some queer magic his box at the opera has been flung into the centre of the stage. Hoover is a man who knows how to deal with facts and forces but is curiously ill at ease with people. Hughes is a man whose gift of lucid exposition makes things seem simpler than they really are. Hiram Johnson is a phonograph with the American people themselves as a record. 'The Mirrors of Washington' is the work of a diagnostician. And like that sort of work it is much keener in the presence of disease than in the presence of health."

"You pay rather a large price for such a book," I ventured. "I finished it feeling that I had been in a hospital. I wanted to get out of doors. After all there are things besides germs. I wanted to give the work a subtitle. I wanted to call it, 'Pathological Studies of American Public Men?' "

The Lion smiled a little soberly. "To be sure, you never go to such a book for information. The author has the easy objectivity of a man without conviction. He has the easy merciless gaiety of a man without ideals. He has the bright and cutting urbanity of a man who does not care deeply about anything. For all that, it's an extremely stimulating book he has written. Many a man of greater depth and seriousness could learn much from the author of these stinging sketches."

The Lion was fingering the book as he spoke. Then there was a quiet fire in his eyes as he uttered the last word of all conversation that day: "The man who wrote 'The Mirrors of Washington' has missed one thing for all his cleverness. He has not discovered that America has a soul!"

CHAPTER XVI

The Great Italian

"SPEAKING of Dante—" began the Lion. I leaned back in my chair and waited in quiet expectancy. My friend was very much at home in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And I knew that the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of the great Florentine poet had found him renewing many an intimate contact with the period and writing of Dante.

"A man of our time ought really to begin with 'De Monarchia,' " said the Lion.

"What about all the curious top-heavy arguments and all the involved unrealities of dialectic?" I asked.

"I'm not thinking of them," replied the Lion, "I am thinking of the commanding ideas of this Latin work of Dante's. I am thinking of his passionate conviction that the world must be one world. I am thinking of his clear vision of the ugly futility of endless wars fought about meaningless issues. I am thinking of his hope for a world held in stable peace, by a unity which embraces all mankind."

"But was not his unified world an autocracy?" I asked.

"I'm not claiming that he had a formula for the bringing in of the new day," retorted my friend. "It was the Holy Roman Empire first and last with Dante. But I am claiming that in the terms of the political world-view possible to a man of his time he saw and expressed things of permanent significance and value. We will not use his methods. But we do need his passionate insight into the meaning of a stable peace. And we do need his unhesitating devotion to the struggle for the unity of the world."

"You prize him more as a political philosopher than as a poet," I remarked, making my sentence half a statement, half a question.

"You can't make that sharp contrast," replied the Lion. "The man who wrote 'De Monarchia' also wrote the 'Divina Commedia.' One had to do with a unified world. The other had to do with a unified universe. One saw peace triumphant on this planet. The other saw peace triumphant among all the stars. There is exhaustless music in Dante. But it is the keenest of thought turned into a song. The thinker and the singer are joined in holy wedlock in the writings of the great Florentine."

"Do you think it is possible to get a sharp

sense of reality from writing which is so completely saturated with the superstition of the Middle Ages as the 'Divine Comedy?' " I asked.

My friend mused a moment.

"After all," he said, "the things of which you are thinking only belong to the wrappings of the poem. The essential matters are eternal in their significance and in their appeal. Perhaps I can put it in this way. A modern man will understand Dante's poem best if he forgets about the literal hell and purgatory and paradise and thinks of three characteristics of the life of the soul as it is found in this world. For that is the endless appeal of the poem. Everything Dante found in hell you can find in London and New York. The same inevitable punishments are working themselves out in human lives in all our towns. And everything which Dante found in purgatory you can find in your own city. Whenever a man takes pain as discipline he enters into that realm of creative suffering which is the real meaning of purgatory. For be sure of it, my friend, purgatory is all about you. It is the secret of those who take every terrible experience as a method by which they are being prepared for some great and noble thing which is to follow. There was awful suffering in Dante's Purgatory. But there

was no unhappiness. You cannot be unhappy when your heart is alive with hope."

I looked at the bed upon which my friend was lying and thought of all his helpless years. I knew that he was talking of the Italian poet. I knew also that his own experience and his own victory were unconsciously becoming articulate in his speech. But he was going on.

"And, strange as it seems to say it, what Dante found in heaven may be found right in this life. Gleams of it come to all of us in our best moments. And it is the light which shines from the rarest and brightest spirits in the world. For even here the rose of love and fire has bloomed."

As I walked away I was repeating the last words my friend spoke that day: "As long as men have hell in their hearts, as long as they wrest character from bitter pain, and as long as a deathless ideal haunts their noblest hours, they will go back to Dante. It was after all his chief glory that he saw eternity in the human spirit."

CHAPTER XVII

The Correlation of the Arts

ONE of the Lion's musical friends was staying in the house at the time. From the music-room down stairs came the sound of the piano. First there was the exquisite, dreamlike beauty of the Moonlight Sonata. Then came all the vigor and climbing energy of the Pilgrims Chorus. After that there was silence and we knew that the man of music having tuned his mind was applying himself to some work of his own.

"It comes to about the same thing whether it's music or poetry, doesn't it?" inquired the Lion.

"Probably it does," I replied, "but I wont entirely commit myself until I have a suspicion of what you are talking about."

My friend lay musing for a little while. Then he said:

"Put Tennyson in the place of Beethoven, and put Browning in the place of Wagner and you have it."

"You mean that just as Wagner used disson-

ance skilfully in musical composition, so Browning used dissonance skilfully in poetry?" I ventured.

"I mean that every movement in one art can be paralleled in the other," replied the Lion. "You can carry it as far as you like. Whitman has his musical kin. And syncopated compositions are of a close kin to some very characteristic aspects of the most emancipated writing which is willing to call itself poetry."

There was a little wrinkle on the Lion's brow. He leaned toward me as he continued:

"There is a wonderful correlation between all the arts and all the movements of the mind. Take a great springtime of the human spirit like the Renaissance. There is the brilliancy and beauty of new life everywhere. There is motion and energy and adventure in the very air you breathe. Then all this uprush of new vitality subsides and you have the creaking of the hard bones of a new scholasticism. You can find just that thing once and again in the history of music. There are the times when the very secrets of the soul seem whispered in haunting and glorious sound. Then there are the periods of correct and unilluminated dullness, the periods of barren scholasticism in the musical world."

"How do you account for it? Why do all the

arts tell the same story in their own individual way?"

"That is just because they are all the expression of the same struggling, aspiring human spirit. The one vital energy moves through them all."

Now the musician below began to play one of Chopin's Nocturnes. And we sat quite silent letting it speak to us. Then the Lion went on and it seemed as if his speaking was actual thinking aloud.

"There really isn't much place for scorn," he said. "Even the movements which seem most bizarre and barbaric come from some actual thing in human nature. They need to be understood and disciplined and then bent to some fine artistic and human purpose. The great builders of the early thirteenth century understood it. Think of how they used gargoyles. There does not seem to be anything very prepossessing about these grinning, leering devils. But the architects of the middle ages understood them and used them. They put them into the beauty and serene joyfulness of their great cathedrals in such a fashion that the total effect of perfect and aspiring beauty was enhanced by their presence. The petty mind despises the new and raw and crude thing. The wise and understanding mind takes it up with a certain masterful sympathy and includes it in a

total work in which all the raw crudity is lost in the ample fullness and maturity of the completed work."

"There's something like a philosophy of art in that attitude," I remarked while the Lion puckered his brow in further thought. He went on quite as if I had not spoken: "You cannot go back to Athens. You cannot go back to Florence. You cannot go back to anything. You must always go on. But you can carry on the rarest beauty of Greece and the ripest charm of Italy. Only to keep it all alive you must be uniting it with something deep and characteristic and vital which comes out of your own age and your own land."

"Then you see more hope for the future in Vachel Lindsay than in Alfred Noyes?" I enquired as I rose to go.

"I know what you mean. But you must not forget that Noyes wrote 'The Flower of Old Japan,'" the Lion threw after me as I passed out of the door.

CHAPTER XVIII

Christianity and the Aristocracy of Letters

THE Lion had just come out of a bad night. The traces of pain were still upon his face. After a word of greeting I was about to leave him. But the decisive pressure of his hand upon my arm detained me. I stood looking down into his face with its fine lines and all the delicate tracery of brooding thought and all the subtle marks of spiritual victory upon it. Just then it seemed a long distance to the day when I had watched his greatest achievement in football. And yet the tragic experience which had cut his life in two had made him a greater man. I was beginning to realize that it had also made his life a more productive force in the world. A touch of something whimsical came into his eyes as he looked up at me.

"You are afraid I am not fit to live with this morning?" he queried.

"I know that you exercise shameful and completely tyrannical control over your nerves," I replied. "It is only that I am not sure you want to talk."

"Well, I do," said the Lion tersely, and I dropped into a chair.

"Have you ever thought in how many centuries Christianity produced the best writing which dropped from the pens of men?" he asked. And then without waiting for a reply he went on:

"Dante did the most luminous work of the fourteenth century. Nothing else equalled the Summa of Saint Thomas in the thirteenth. Abelard's writing is the expression of the most brilliant and understanding mind of the twelfth. Nothing else written in the period has the passion and the power of the Confessions of Augustine. There is a pungent vitality about the writing of Tertullian which is unmatched by any other writings of his age. If you drop down to the seventeenth century Bunyan's masterpiece holds its own even among the brilliant books which were appearing in his day. Take it by and large the Christian writers have more than held their own."

He paused, and it was evident that he was leading up to something which was weighing upon his mind.

"But ever since the Renaissance," he said, "Christian men of the pen have had a harder fight for their place in the world. The brilliant secular mind has more and more asserted itself. Shakespeare writes with respectful politeness from with-

out the secret places of the Christian life. Voltaire has pretty much everything else except the capacity to understand historic Christianity. To be sure the great nineteenth century men were only possible with Christianity in the background. It gave them soil. It gave them seeds. And it matured their harvests. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold were a product of Christianity, though each had his independent position and view. Tolstoi was a product of a noble fragment of Christianity. But the twentieth century is curiously lacking in Christian voices which bring the capacity for penetrating criticism and the power of creative inspiration. With the greatest opportunity for analysis and synthesis which the ages have offered Christianity is curiously silent."

"There are a good many able men who are writing from the Christian point of view," I ventured.

"Oh, there is no end of useful men. But I'm not seeing any really great men. The utterly fearless eye. The entirely candid mind. The deep and healing heart of world-wide sympathy. The power of creative thought. The capacity for expression gleaming with all the light which shines perpetually upon living words. I do not know where you will find all these combined in one man."

"Are you not asking a good deal?" I put in.

"I am asking no more than Christianity has done in many another century," flashed back the Lion. "It was tugging away at my mind when I could not sleep last night. The swords were going in my body and this sword was going in my mind. I thought of people as brilliantly sardonic as Dean Inge, of people as keen and scholarly as Dr. Selbie. And I thought of Americans dripping with social passion and bright with delightful popular gifts. But I could not find my great man who is able to pass the white light of the eternal gospel through his mind and send it forth glowing with all the colors of the life of our own age. Will you find him for me?"

And with these words the Lion let me go for the day.

CHAPTER XIX

Reading Philosophy

THE Lion was holding in his hand a little brochure. Leaning toward him I read its title, " 'Philosophy and the Christian Religion.' An Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford on May 4, 1920, by Clement C. J. Webb, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College and Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion." On the table beside the bed were the two volumes of the Lord Gifford lectures by Professor Webb: "God and Personality," and "Divine Personality and Human Life." Beside them lay his little volume, "A History of Philosophy," published in the Home University Library.

"It looks as if you have found a new hero," I began with a good deal of banter in my tone.

"Not at all a new one," replied the Lion. "I began with Webb a good while ago. But only lately did I get into the Gifford lectures and now I have been going over the effective little history of philosophy again."

"You don't think that philosophy has rather worn thin then?" I enquired.

"Not when I have been reading Clement C. J. Webb," declared my friend. "In fact I feel that it's at the very beginning of some extremely promising service." The Lion waited a moment. Then he went on:

"You see Webb is an unusual sort of person. To begin with he is a man of letters to the finger tips. He has read widely and deeply and he has a wonderful feeling for a live and telling phrase. He knows how to command his reading for the purposes of illustration in the most natural and human way. You have the grace and the facile movement and the skill of a man to whom phrases are bits of marble to be carved into fine and finished form and all the while you have the close and masterful thinking of a highly disciplined mind trained for the tasks of philosophic speculation. It's a wonderful combination. And that isn't all. Webb is all the while watching the moving picture of life. He hears what people say. He sees what they do. And all this everyday experience of observation is bent to the purposes of his exposition. It makes philosophy seem wonderfully near to life. Then Webb is always working on the assumption, implicit and perhaps unconscious but none the less real and definite, that every ac-

tual thing in human experience has rights which must be respected. He is all the while trying to be loyal to the physical facts. He is all the while trying to be loyal to the mental facts. He is all the while trying to treat faithfully the moral facts. He is held by a scientific conscience to a candid and fair treatment of the religious facts. So you come to feel at last that you are following a singularly honest and trustworthy mind."

"Isn't an Oxford thinker likely to be nearer to fifth and fourth century Athens than to twentieth century London?"

The Lion smiled.

"Oh, he does appreciate Plato and Aristotle and he has not failed to understand a few other Greeks. And perhaps he understands the twentieth century all the better for that. In fact there may be such a thing as understanding the twentieth century better than it understands itself. You see some of our bright young fellows are so busy interpreting our own time in the terms of itself that they have no standards and no basis of comparison. Sometimes they mistake movement for progress and conflagration for illumination. I do not fancy Webb is likely to make these mistakes."

"You incorrigible Victorian. How you scorn the world in which you live." I laughed back.

"I won't have it," frowned the Lion. "Stop

calling me names. You think that when you have given a thing a name you have explained it. Sometimes you only show that you do not understand it. Besides I do not despise the time in which I live. But on the other hand I do not worship it. I pay it the high tribute of honest and earnest criticism."

"But about Webb——" I interrupted.

"Webb is a man of actual erudition," replied my friend. "He is a man of definite scholarship as well. And he can think with a clearness and a straight pursuit of his theme which delight the mind. He is as careful with his opponents as with the men whose positions he accepts. And step by step in the high argument he conducts the reader is led forward until at last the meaning of personality stands out in clear and sure perspective. Many a cobweb is disposed of and at the end you feel in definite possession of some structural certainties regarding life and religion."

"Does he do everything for you? Or does he leave anything for the mind of the reader?" I asked.

"When you read his treatment of the economic life, the scientific life, the æsthetic life, the moral life and the religious life, you have an ample reply to that query," said the Lion. "The fact is he sets you going all the while. He gives you a little

glimpse of no end of vistas. But he leaves you to become their explorer."

"If all that is true I have an engagement with Webb," I replied. "Who did you say publishes his books?"

CHAPTER XX

An American in London

I WALKED quietly into the room where the Lion lay, thinking that if he was asleep I would not disturb him. His eyes were open and they were full of a deep, mellow light. And on his face there was a quiet wistfulness which I had not often seen there. His countenance brightened as he saw me and he pointed to a book which lay on the table beside him. It was Joseph Fort Newton's "Preaching in London."

"How much of England he took to England on his very first journey," began my friend. "How many brooding hours he had spent in imagination in quiet English lanes before he ever saw one of them. How he had lingered beside every great English shrine before he ever crossed the sea. And when he did go, what words of gentle and loving understanding he knew to tell about it all. I was just thinking as you came in that I shall never see it all again. And I was saying to myself, 'Oh, to be in England now that April's here.' Newton brought it all back so vividly.

And of course I am really very glad when I think about it all, for I've spent many months in the lovely English country and the wonderful English towns, and nobody can rob me of that."

It was clear that the book had indeed moved my friend and had made him willing to talk in a fashion which was far from his wont. He saw something of this in my eyes for he said at once:

"It's the witchery of that man's writing which did it. He has broken down all my reserves by the sheer loveliness of his style. And you come in before I have time to wear the face which belongs to the world and even to my friends."

He put his hand on my arm with a little touch of friendliness which meant that he was glad I had come and also that there was to be no more talk about the inhibitions his illness had brought to him. He held the book in his hand a moment as he said:

"You know it's rather wonderful to have Fort Newton come out of America? It's more than his innate sympathy for much that is most characteristic of England. There is something continental about him. And a very delicate and exotic thing it is. Imagine Amiel coming to life in Iowa and writing the Journal Intime there! I'm glad that anything so delicate and so full of gracious charm has come out of our contem-

porary life. There is no end of virility too. He is a sturdy man with the mind of a meditative essayist and the heart of a mystic. The ripeness of it all astonishes me. You feel as if all his words have been pressed between the leaves of a fragrant mind for many a year. And they come forth odorous with the subtile richness of a tempered and gracious culture."

I was waiting while my friend was finding words to pay his tribute of appreciation. When he had finished I remarked:

"Fort Newton can say some things with a terribly cutting edge, don't you think?"

The Lion moved a little impatiently.

"Any supremely sensitive mind is like that. You have to have nerves in order to have such delicate instruments of insight. I wouldn't deny that sometimes in the heat of sternly difficult days Fort Newton wrote with his nerves. It's part of the revelation of a rare and sensitive personality."

The Lion lay quite still for a little while. Then he went on:

"This little book will be read for a very long time. The surface of such a mind is not often exposed to mighty events. London and the war and the mind and the spirit of man are held in a medium of crystal clearness and best of all in a mind which calls the photographic word and the

revealing and shining phrase and even as they are called so they come."

The characteristic wrinkle was on the Lion's brow for a moment. Then he continued:

"A fine piece of work Fort Newton did in England. I had many letters from friends about it. His hold was becoming stronger up to the very moment of his leaving. But I wonder just a little if it is not another type of American who will come to stay in England as he makes his contribution to the uniting of the two countries. I fancy there is a sense in which a man who understands England less might end by understanding it better. Sometimes a clairvoyant mind is uncanny in respect of faults as well as in respect of virtues. In any event we need the man who preached in the City Temple during the war as a prophet of the things he sees so clearly in America. We need him more than he is needed in the lovely, tight little island across the sea."

CHAPTER XXI

A Great Scottish Preacher

THE Lion had been having a period when there was an uprush of unusual vitality from some hidden reservoir of his organism. Even his physician had been surprised at the hours which he had been able to spend in consecutive reading, and his pencil had moved with something like the old-time industry over the page. The next month one of his trenchant individual articles delighted the readers of a certain contemporary Review. Just as this period of energy began to wane he got into two books by that preacher of passionate insight, Dr. John A. Hutton. First he read the lectures on preaching: "That The Ministry Be Not Blamed." Then he read those throbbing and penetrating essays: "Discerning the Times." I was walking about in his capacious den picking a book from a shelf here and there and amusing myself half indolently when the voice of my friend called me:

"Come and talk to me about Scottish preachers."

"Which shall it be?" I called merrily as I turned toward him. "Shall it be Whyte who stood

shuddering on the very abyss of the darkness and made things authentic in which the modern world thought it had ceased to believe? Shall it be Matheson whose secrets of beautiful and musical English fairly make you shed tears until you forget his English in the spiritual beauty of his message? Shall it be——?"

"Let it be John A. Hutton," interrupted the Lion.

"The Scottish minister who went to Russia to find his conscience," I threw in.

The Lion smiled at that.

"He does know rather more about Russian literature than most people," he admitted. "And no doubt that has very much deepened his message. Why is it that those Russians can so amazingly pierce your soul? Any way he is a real preacher. He restores my faith in the ministry. And when he talks to young men he has a skill and an insight beyond praise. I hope you will recommend 'That the Ministry Be Not Blamed' to no end of your ministerial friends. . . . I was most interested in 'Discerning the Times.' There are plenty of people who are optimists because they have refused to look squarely at what is happening in the world. There are plenty of people who are pessimists because they have looked right into the face of

life and have been frightened out of their wits. Hutton has looked. He has seen all that there is to see. But he has not gotten into a panic. He has not lost hope. He still believes. And he still has a song on his lips. He has wedded honesty and faith. And believe me that is a rare wedlock."

The Lion had spoken so rapidly that there had been no place for a word from me. Now he paused and I worked my way into the little crevice of silence.

"There is an extraordinary ripeness about many of these English and Scottish preachers," I ventured.

"They read and think and brood while we buy ice-cream freezers," threw out the Lion.

"Oh come now," I replied, "you don't mean to say that you think all the varied activities of a modern church are a mistake."

"Not a mistake exactly," said my friend. " 'These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the others undone.' But I do mean that no matter how busy and brilliant a piece of organized activity is represented by his church a minister must find time to think and read and then to think and read again. This kind of spirit cometh not in but by brooding and patient meditation."

"That's a fascinating council of perfection," I countered. "But if you had to do it—"

"If I had to do it, I'd do it," declared the Lion with flashing eyes.

I remembered all his fight with pain and the wonderful life he had lived as a student in spite of it.

"Yes," I admitted, "I believe you would."

"And a good start for our thin and efficient young men will be to read Dr. Hutton," declared the Lion. "And then to reread his books. You only taste a real book when you read it. It is when you reread it and dream over it that it actually tells you its secret. The next best thing to having a ripe mind is to follow in the trail of a ripe mind. You can do that with Dr. Hutton. The masterpieces of the ages keep peering at you from between his phrases. But they are always made his own. His feet are always in the clover produced by other minds. But he makes his own paths. And he believes with simplicity and passion in the things which will really reconstruct a man and remake society. If you discern the times with him you will do a bit better than that. You will begin to discern eternity."

I walked away with one phrase ringing in my ears. "Discerning eternity." That would surely be a good way to begin to make the most of time.

CHAPTER XXII

An American Novelist

THE other day I found the Lion with three books on the little table beside his bed. all of them were by Dorothy Canfield. The first was "The Bent Twig." The second was "The Squirrel Cage." The third was "The Brimming Cup." There was a whimsical light in my friend's eye as he saw me looking at these books.

"Did you tell me the other day that I ought to pay more attention to contemporary fiction?" he asked.

"Not quite that," I replied. "You manage to get some real contact with the whole procession of brightly groomed new books. But you did say something disrespectful about a book I value rather highly and I think I did spring to its defense."

The Lion was smiling now.

"At any rate I won't say anything disrespectful about Dorothy Canfield," he said. "And for the comfort of a certain very enthusiastic Ameri-

can I will even admit that I think she has notable command of her materials and works after the fashion of a true artist."

He picked up "The Bent Twig," as he spoke.

"Now here," he said, "is a really significant document on the philosophy of education which manages to be a rattling good story at the same time. A good deal of education has consisted in a process of making up students' minds for them. In this tale you see some children gradually trained in those powers of analysis and those capacities to respond to the real meaning of things which prepare them to meet the days of crisis with a certain creative energy and strength. They do not have sets of rules by which to meet life. They do have vital and trained personality which can be trusted to get into the meaning of things and act in the light of it. There is no flinching. There is no evasion. And you breathe freely at last as you see the emerging of personality which can be trusted."

Now the Lion was holding "The Squirrel Cage" in his hand.

"This is a book of protest," he said, continuing his mood of analysis. "It is an indictment of the efficiency which isn't efficient, and of the nervous social intensity which is so busy living that it destroys the capacity for the enjoyment of life.

'The Squirrel Cage' is an attack on the hectic in the name of the simple and normal. It is an attack upon an over-strained and artificial life in the name of a life of quiet fullness and power. It has interest and insight and a flash of tragedy. It is a sign at the corner of the street where the railroad crosses and it says; 'Stop! Look! Listen!' "

My friend lay perfectly still for a moment. Then he reached for "The Brimming Cup."

"But here is the best of them all," he declared. "Do you know I was almost afraid to read 'The Brimming Cup.' I knew that it was a study of the day when a happily married woman begins to feel the wear and strain of her home life and suddenly sees an open door leading to a life of infinite artistic and æsthetic allurement. It is the sort of book anybody could write badly. And there are so many kinds of mistakes the author might make that one shudders to think of them. The book might be merely conventional, saying the proper things without ever lifting the real problems. It might be the expression of a subtle lawlessness over-emphasizing the burdens of the life of the home and never facing the brutal selfishness which wants all the glow of life without ever facing its responsibilities. It might be an honest analysis which never leads to a true

solution. It might keep the woman loyal and yet leave her with spirit clogged and heavy and without true inspiration. It might be guilty of a dozen sorts of bad taste and more sorts of bad portrayal of character. And all of these things 'The Brimming Cup' triumphantly escapes. It deals with a problem without ever becoming a problem novel. It is as honest as nature and as clean as the noble movement of a really wholesome mind. Right in the midst of multitudes of people whose emancipation takes the form of believing that the home cannot survive, this book is thrown as a triumphant challenge. A woman of infinite richness of personality and exquisite play of temperament, with a strong and steady and loyal husband comes to the place where the first pressure of years, the first thrusts of dissillusionment and the first vague outcry for the gratification of taste instead of the meeting of responsibility are coincident with the appearance of a brilliant man of singularly magnetic personality, of audacious energy and of great wealth. The woman meets her problem. She has no artificial help. She is driven to face the actual realities. Even her husband refuses to ask her loyalty unless she can give her whole personality with it. Every subtle sophistry which the decadent mind has invented is brought adroitly to her mind. She

is driven into a desert of lonely struggle where she must fight her battle to its very end. And there she finds that her whole growing personality demands her home and her husband and her children. She discovers that the way declared to be the way of emancipation would be the way to the death of every delicate and gracious thing in her life. She discovers that the real flowers grow out of the actual soil of every-day life and loyalty. And so in the full richness of a life which has seen its own meaning and its own endless possibilities she turns from the heat of a devastating fever to the permanent warmth of wholesome living. She discovers that fresh inspiration is on the side of discipline and faithfulness to responsibility. She discovers that the great moment of love is not the hour of its first wondering adventure but the hour of its wise and gracious maturity."

I was watching the Lion closely while he talked. And the light on his face was more revealing than his words.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Way of the Preachers

"I HAVE been thinking about preachers," said the Lion.

There were several volumes of the Yale lectures on preaching lying on the table beside his bed. Among them I observed Sylvester Horne's "Romance of Preaching." Then beside the Yale collection was Dr. Parkes Cadman's "Ambassadors of God."

"You have been reading about them too," I remarked.

"Oh, I always read about preachers," said the Lion. "For years I have read every volume of the Yale series upon its appearance. But I have been thinking just now about contemporary preachers and their problems."

The Lion held Dr. Cadman's book in his hand for a moment, looking at the title.

"I wish I could be sure that they all knew that," he said. "I wish I could be entirely certain that they all know that they are ambassadors of God."

The Lion has a characteristic way of picking

up a phrase and giving it an entirely fresh potency by the way in which he pronounces it. We sat silent for a moment and the magic of his tones seemed to fill the words which made up the title of Dr. Cadman's book.

Then the Lion went on:

"But I have been thinking not so much about the ambassador's relation to the court from which he comes as about his relation to the country in which he lives. For the ambassador must be at home in two lands. He must be at home in the land whose credentials he bears. And he must make a real and hearty place for himself in the land of his official duties."

"You think there is danger of his getting his loyalties confused?" I hazarded.

"That's just the point," declared the Lion. "Some preachers are actually unable to speak in the language of the land where they dwell. They have a heavenly message. But they have no speech in which to deliver it. And some men have become wonderful experts in the very last movement of the land where they are living. But in the meantime they have lost all vital connection with that invisible country of the spirit whose sanctions they represent."

"You mean that a preacher can get a vocabulary and many a point of contact from his en-

vironment but that he must go somewhere else for his message?" I asked.

"Partly that. And partly something just a little different. There is a sense in which a preacher gets a part of his message from his environment. If a man lives in a time when the conscience of men is awaking as to the urgency of social problems he must take advantage of that new awareness. He must utilize every growing insight as to the duty of men to form an organic brotherhood. In that sense he receives a part of his message from his environment. But the opportunity, which the mind and the conscience and the heart of his contemporaries gives, must be an introduction and a beginning. He must see the insights of his time in the light of larger relationships. He must gladly welcome its forward movements and he must interpret them in the light of the whole purpose of God."

"Do you think then that there is no place for the man who becomes the prophet of some aspect of Christian truth?"

"Far from that. The great reforms must have their particular voices in the pulpit. And every forward movement will produce its effective leaders whose very names will at last suggest the thought of the movement. But I would have these men always alive to the danger of the

isolated virtue. I would have them remember that no one movement can save the world. I would have them speak always with deep respect of the men who are emphasizing other aspects of Christian truth. And I would have the church so keen about producing men of the largest Christian perspective that there are always men in positions of commanding leadership whose outstanding characteristic is that they see life steadily and that they see it whole. You must have men who have the mind of John the Baptist. But you are never safe unless they are followed by men who have the mind of Jesus."

"Is there not danger that this man who is always trying to see the whole sweep of Christian truth will be so busy trying to say everything clearly that he will say nothing effectively?"

The Lion smiled at that.

"Only when he substitutes classification for vital thinking," he replied. "A man can grow all kinds of flowers in his garden. He may also press all kinds of dead flowers and construct an amazing herbarium. I am not pleading for the man who slays truth for the purpose of arranging it in orderly fashion. The man who sees truth in large perspective may still see it alive."

"But is it not easy for this philosopher in the

pulpit to use his desire for largeness of view in such a way as to evade his practical responsibility? May he not become content with putting forth a general view of right when the world needs a concrete condemnation of wrong? And even when he does not do that may he not become an Erasmus when the world needs a Luther?"

The Lion had the light in his eye which sometimes came in the midst of a vigorous mental tussle.

"All those rocks his ship must avoid," he replied. "He may wreck his vessel upon any one of them. But it is still true that the passionate prophet of a single truth must always be supplemented by the prophet of the whole of the Christian faith if we are to be saved from reaction and disillusionment at last. The whole gospel is vaster than any of our splendidly earnest party positions. And the best thing about it is that it includes them all."

"I suppose then that you would admit both Billy Sunday and Professor Rauschenbusch to ordination for a prophetic ministry?" I suggested.

"Without a doubt," said the Lion, "and I would feel terribly anxious about a church which did not combine evangelical passion with social enthusiasm. But why did you choose Billy Sun-

day to represent the evangelistic type of preaching?"

I smiled back at the Lion when he asked this question. And that ended the discussion for the day.

CHAPTER XXIV

"The High Way"

"A GREAT many novels have been written about religion," observed the Lion.

He was holding in his hand Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason's book, "The High Way."

"And rather a number have been written about theology," I threw in.

My friend smiled. His eyes turned to a table upon which lay J. Henry Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," Mrs. Charles's "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Margaret Deland's "John Ward Preacher," and James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law."

"It's an odd collection," I observed. The Lion ran his hand over the books.

"Yes, you have a good many approaches. You have religion and the love of beauty, religion and spiritual democracy, religion and criticism, religion and science—all worked into the passion

and the pain of the human story as the novelist has told the tale. Some of these books have the secret of life in them. Others are neither great nor profoundly vital. But they all have their interest. And now comes Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason to preach the doctrine of the fundamentalist by means of a parable of contemporary life."

I had settled back into a chair waiting for my friend to set forth his thoughts.

"Mrs. Mason is a practiced writer. She has written well and sometimes very nobly. And no one can doubt her sincerity or her Christian purpose in this piece of eager and intense writing. The story moves with a swing of interest. Many of the characters live. And because things which tear men's hearts are seen in action in this book it will be very widely read."

The Lion looked through the window where a bright glow of sunlight fell upon the snow. He waited for a moment then he went on:

"You can never really defend the truth by refusing to subject it to the most searching tests. No doubt there are elements in the modern criticism of the Bible which are tentative and which will be unable to hold their own. But the cure of criticism is always more adequate criticism. You only repel an honest mind when you suggest even by implication that the candid scholar is a

menace to the faith. Mrs. Mason has read a good deal. But after all she has plunged into a great theme with all the valor of ignorance. She gives no hint of all the gracious and spiritually upbuilding work of such scholars as A. B. Davidson, Canon Driver, and Sir George Adam Smith. It really seems a pity that her hardly driven lads in the theological seminary had never heard of the men in whose lives piety and critical attainment and prophetic vitality moved hand in hand. There is a certain lack of entire intellectual honesty in her treatment of the social passion which is one of the most nobly Christian things in the contemporary church. She discusses it as if it is only the by-product of a ministerial life which is spiritually bankrupt. One wonders if Mrs. Mason has ever read one of the books of Professor Rauschenbusch. And is it quite candid to write as if the moral lawlessness of our time has its brief and sufficient explanation in the critical and doctrinal positions of our theological seminaries?— And by what fatal lapse of ethical good taste did Mrs. Mason allow the young hero, so much wiser than his theological professor, to become engaged to a girl he did not love as a result of a moment's flash of vivid boyish feeling? A little simple manliness would have saved this likable chap from the most unpleasant experience

which is narrated regarding his life. Is it just fair to capitalize all the hatred of Germany which the war produced and to utilize this to further the cause of an enthusiastic piece of religious propaganda? If modern criticism produced the war what was its share in the winning of the war? Does Mrs. Mason forget that every English and Scottish Theological College of any standing has welcomed the critical results of modern Biblical study? The colors are flung on the canvas most vividly. The lines are drawn sharply. All this one concedes to Mrs. Mason. But she has been unfortunate enough to lose touch with the facts and the realities involved in the situation once and again."

"You seem hostile enough," I began when my friend paused.

"Oh, that doesn't cover the whole case," replied the Lion. "If all criticism is not extreme, and all German critical scholarship is not of the devil, and all social passion is not the affectation of unspiritual minds, it still remains true that Mrs. Mason has put her finger upon many a real plague spot, that what she says is often true of individuals if not fair as a universal indictment, and it is also true that her passionate discussion is sure to make us think. It will send us on a journey to find the facts for ourselves."

We were silent for a moment. Then my friend said his last word for the day. "After all it is easier to produce scholars than to produce prophets. And the theological schools must not lose the secret of prophecy while they are winning the spurs of scholarship.

CHAPTER XXV

Christianity and Society

MY friend held two books in his hand. One was "Christian and Social Science," by Professor Charles A. Ellwood. The other was Bishop Charles D. Williams's "The Gospel of Fellowship"—the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University for the year 1923. There was a look of quiet meditation upon his face as he scanned the two volumes.

"The real man," he began sententiously, "is the one who knows how to get things together. Ideas are being thrown out all the while which supplement each other and can never become completely effective unless they are united. Yet they have the most astonishing way of keeping apart. In the old days when I traveled about a good deal I used to watch two men, who made a daily trip from a suburban town into a big city, as they entered the train. Each was the very incarnation of a significant idea. And each was quite incomplete without the thing the other represented. Yet they were not even friends. They said a

civil 'good morning' and kept their ideas apart."

I was chuckling by this time at a diverting thought which the Lion had suggested.

"It would be a rather novel social evening if we could get a well-assorted company of people really to introduce their ideas to each other," I remarked.

My friend smiled.

"I know what you are thinking," he said, "there are many people who pack up their ideas in some sort of invisible kit bag and smile and smile at each other without ever holding intelligent conversation. And as it is with ideas so it is with books. Usually even a fine book is a noble fragment. It needs the company of another book. Sometimes it needs the company of a whole library."

We sat silent for a moment each busy with his own thoughts. Then the Lion went on:

"Take these two books. Professor Ellwood has done a clear and honest and capable piece of work. It has just the qualities necessary to appeal to the scientific mind. It translates Christian ethics into the scientific vernacular. And it gives a place to elements which some provincial men of science have not recognized as important. One is immensely grateful for this able and effective piece of analysis."

My friend turned the book over once or twice and then put it upon the table beside him.

"Now this book of Bishop Williams's," he continued, "this last will and testament of a great leader, does not have the qualities which give such distinction to Professor Ellwood's work. It is alive with passion. It is glowing with the prophetic spirit. It is swept by great enthusiasms. It is as honest as the work of Professor Ellwood. But it is honesty set on fire and the blaze and the heat of it give one the sense of vivid conflagration. The one book is a military manual; the other is a call to arms. The one is a mathematical analysis; the other is an orchestra which has turned mathematics into the poetry of great music. And the thing I am saying is that either book is incomplete without the other. We need the analysis. We need the prophecy. We need the call to arms. And we need the military manual."

When I left my friend I carried the two books under my arm.

"Prepare for the nuptials of poise and passion," I called back as I left the room."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," the Lion shot after me just as I closed the door.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Romance of Maps

"I'VE been thinking about maps," said the Lion.

"You look as if you have found it a bit exciting," I threw back at him.

"Exciting is just the word," stoutly asserted my friend. "The fact is, I don't know anything else so exciting as a map except the people who make maps."

"And who are they?" I countered.

"Everybody," declared the Lion, oracularly.

There must have been some amusement in my eyes as I replied: "Oh, come now! With all the triumphs of democracy you can't claim quite so much as that. Not many pens make the lines which really change the maps of the world. A good many people blindly fight for the lines when they are made. But the map makers are only a little group of people who sit like kings upon the summits of the mountains of the world."

"Not quite so much rhetoric," growled the Lion, "and a few more facts."

"All right," I returned, "I'll remove the rhetoric if you will supply the facts."

The Lion looked almost affectionately at the big globe which was always within reach beside his bed.

"These supermen," he began, "who according to your statement make the maps are not so powerful as you think. They really do little more than to register an opinion which they are not powerful enough to resist. A thousand prejudices and hopes and fears rise from the common life. And as they rise they become so potent that they cut their way right through the hardest mind. Even in an autocracy it is far more true than men have dared to think, that absolute authority moves within very definitely defined limits. A really successful autocrat has always been a man who knew absolutely well what he could not do and did not attempt it."

"A few more paradoxes like that and I'll declare that you have become a full-blooded Irishman," I threw in.

My friend smiled. But the steam was up and he was not to be diverted. "In a backward people the prejudices and deep superstitions of the masses are on the throne. In an immature democracy the opinion of the people controls. And in a fully developed republic the matured

and disciplined convictions of the people determine the national action. When the great tide of popular will gets in motion not even an autocracy has ever been able to resist it."

The Lion paused and looked again at his globe.

"And the bearing of all this upon maps," he said, "is just this: The people make the maps. The man who deeply influences public opinion is the man who really stands at the place of power. The maps are in a pretty bad state as it is. And it is principally because the people have decided about them without really understanding them. People ought to spend hours looking at maps. They ought to have dreams about maps in the night, and day dreams about them when they are awake. They ought to follow the river courses and climb the mountains of the world. They ought to know its highlands and its desert plains. They ought to picture in their minds its islands and its multitudinous seas. They ought to think and feel and study their way into a knowledge of what all this means for men and women and little children. They ought to see what the lines of division which men have drawn have really meant in human experience. They ought to see the glory of maps and the shame of maps and their hope and their fear."

"What about the rhetoric now?" I broke in.

The Lion was unabashed.

"Oh, this is rhetoric based upon facts and not rhetoric which is a substitute for facts," he declared urbanely. He lay perfectly quiet for a moment. Then he said seriously, "If a map of the world could be made the most fascinating object in every home there would be a new hope for civilization itself."

CHAPTER XXVII

Three Little Books

THREE little books were lying on the bed beside the Lion. One was "The Reasonableness of the Christian Faith," by Principal D. S. Cairns, of Aberdeen. The second was "The Divine Initiative," by Professor H. R. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh. The third was "The Universality of Christ," by Bishop William Temple, of Manchester. There was a curiously contented look upon the Lion's face.

"I've been having a perfectly good time," he said. "These are not very large books. But they are wonderfully fruitful. They are wonderfully alike. And they are very unlike. They are full of the endeavor to reapproach Christianity in the light of all the vicissitudes of mind and body and heart through which we have passed. They are alive to the finger tips with the knowledge of contemporary thought and even of contemporary moods. And each has something else. Each gives you a sense of the actual presence of the light never seen on sea or land."

I looked at my friend as he lay quietly thinking. The marks of years of pain were upon his face. But there was something more. I was willing to have him talk to me about the light never seen on sea or land.

At the moment he was holding Principal Cairns's book in his hand.

"It has the most wonderful flashes of insight," he said. "Listen to this: 'I believe that Christ's unbounded love for men sprang out of this that they were the likest beings to his Father that he found in all the world.' Can't you see the lonely eager spirit of Jesus swept by the consciousness of the perfect loving personality of God, caring for human persons because they had a spark which somehow suggested the Divine?"

While he talked my friend was turning the pages of the book. Now his face brightened, as he read aloud:

" 'It has truly been said by a great scholar of the science of religion that the best definition of a saint is that he is one who makes it easier for other men and women to believe in God.' Professor Cairns quoted that because it expresses his own spirit," the Lion went on. "The book is rich in that sense of the human values of the Divine which transforms the very genius of religion. It is full of great argument conducted at

a lofty level. It is written in a style which once and again bursts into flame. And it makes religion speak in the very terms of the life of today."

By this time I had picked up "The Divine Initiative" and was peering along the paths of its pages. The Lion had marked the book in his individual way. Soon following his markings I was reading these words:

" 'The inspiration of the Bible means in practice that we can feed our religious life year in and year out on its contents and yet find no end to the treasure; and in practice the divinity of Christ means at least this—that throughout a lifetime we find Him to be for us the illimitable source of the life of God.' " And a little later these sentences caught my eye.

" 'No man can indulge in apathy toward the working of God in ages behind us without succumbing also to apathy regarding the world around us. If our religion neglects history it will neglect society as well.' "

The Lion listened while I read aloud.

"Those are good bits," he said. "But it is the whole that counts the most. As you read the book you feel more and more deeply that there are two ways of regarding religion. You can regard it as man's quest for God. Or you can

regard it as God's quest for man. In the most triumphant and glowing fashion he makes you feel that religion is God's eager and chivalrous pursuit of man. That is what he means by the divine initiative."

Then my friend turned to Bishop Temple's book.

"Here is a harder bit of reading," he said. "The dialectic is a little more in evidence. The resources of erudition are a little more visible. The style has less play of sunlight. But it is a most arousing book. There are penetrating observations which set one going on fruitful paths. Take this: 'There is one God; and if Jesus is the express image of the person of the Father, so he is the perfect portrait of the Holy Ghost and when we want to know who is this Holy Spirit that prompts us in our own souls, we shall read the Gospels just as we do when we seek to find out who is the world's creator.' On another level of philosophical thinking take this: 'It is worth while to point out that we cannot choose at all unless we can with practical certainty count on the consequences of our action. It is the normal fixity of natural law which makes possible any valuable freedom of choice!' "

"They tell the gospel of a Christ-like God," he declared. "They insist in interpreting the

lower from the standpoint of the higher and not the higher from the standpoint of the lower. And they glow with the certainty that when you know God as you see him in the face of Christ you have the secret of the universe. It is the secret of a new personality. And it is the secret of a new society. But then you will have to read the books for yourself."

And so I carried the three volumes off under my arm.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Sherman of Illinois

THE summer resort where the Lion was stopping was crowded. But he had found ample quarters in a pleasant cottage which overlooked the sea and I found him in a couch on a little piazza which was all his own during his stay. The air from the ocean was moving briskly about and the effect of the tonic atmosphere was to be seen in a bit of unwonted color on my friend's face and a quick vital light in his eye.

"Where is it?" I asked.

The Lion drew forth a book from somewhere on the couch.

"Here it is," he said. "But I didn't intend to begin with it. I was looking over the sea and thinking of certain streets in London and Paris and certain book shops where a man may really expect to turn up a great and happy surprise."

For a little while we sat chatting of favorite haunts in great towns of the old world. Then I reached for the book which the Lion still held

in his hand. It was Professor Stuart P. Sherman's volume of essays, "Americans." Then I leaned back in my chair.

"I've been wanting to hear you talk about Sherman for rather a while," I said.

The Lion looked out toward the sea.

"It's all wonderfully done," he said. "This middle-western professor of English literature has all the distinction we once associated with the most veritable intellectual Brahmin of Boston. He knows the great essayists. He is at home in the eighteenth century. He is a man of really rich and varied erudition. And he has taken time to read with patience and understanding the writings which tell the tale of the American experiment in expression. He has a wholesome mind. And he is not without sound standards of taste. He is an American who has made the most distinguished English tradition his own and with the sly skill of a man who has spent no end of hours with the best English-speaking wits. He writes about our achievement as you can see it in Franklin and Emerson and Whitman and Hawthorne and Joaquin Miller and Carnegie and Roosevelt and Paul More, incidentally paying his respects to the Adams Family. A very highly evolved and delicately articulated mind applies itself to the analysis and the interpretation and

the criticism of these Americans. He can use words which bite. And he is not without words which caress. You would be glad to send a copy of this book to the editor of the literary supplement of the London *Times*."

"This is high praise," I threw in.

"I'm not through yet," returned the Lion. "But there is more praise before I come to the damnatory clauses. As an antidote to the group of young intellectuals who are going about our cities naked and quite without shame nothing could be better than the writing of Professor Sherman. The raw vulgarity of Mr. Mencken is seen with singular clarity in the clear light furnished by this writer of highly disciplined and distinguished prose. A number of prophets turn out to be nothing more than very bad boys with mud over their faces when Professor Sherman applies to them the tests of his searching analysis. You begin to feel that after all the new Dr. Johnson does not have to be a brute in order to deserve a Boswell. This knightly gentleman with the swift sword does a bit of work whose brilliant execution is a delight to see."

The Lion sat still for a moment.

"Now for the 'howevers' and the 'buts,'" I suggested.

The Lion reached for the book and fumbled through the pages of the last essay.

"After all," he said, "in a measure you can find the same fault with Sherman which he finds with Paul More. This book is a delight. But in a measure it is exotic. The wealth of the author's erudition, the sharp edge of his style, the sudden gleam of his satire, are pure joy, but it is not quite a joy which has caught the American flavor. Paul More is a cosmopolitan who lives in America and writes about America. But the subtlest elements of American life slip through his fine mind and come away without visible form or expression. The cosmopolitan whose varied wealth of mind is mastered and dominated by the subtle flavor of our own life and whose criticism with all its splendid expanse could be written nowhere but in America is not Professor Sherman. He loves his country. He reads its great books. But for all that he lives in an atmosphere which is not quite native."

Out on the sand at the moment I saw a friend of whom I had not had a glimpse for half a dozen years. As I excused myself to greet him, the Lion shot after me:

"I only growl because I am happy. Just to have Sherman alive in America is a promise that intellectual jazz may give place to music."

At that moment a band not far away began to play. And I am afraid it was jazz which fell upon our ears as an echo to the optimism of my friend.

CHAPTER XXIX

A Bird's-Eye View of Literature

THE first volume of the "Outline of Literature," edited by Mr. John Drinkwater, was lying on the table beside the Lion when I entered his room the other day. His eye brightened with a certain amusement as he followed the direction of my gaze and the book came within his vision.

"A book written for popular consumption ought to be very accurate," he began oracularly.

"And what mistakes rewarded the quest of the detective's eye in this book of beautiful pictures and bright print?" I inquired.

My friend extended his hand for the volume.

"Take this as an example," he said. And he read: "Apart from 'The Book of the Dead,' another Egyptian book, 'The Precepts of Ptah-Hotep,' is probably the oldest book in the world. Ptah-Hotep was born in Memphis and he lived about the year 2550 B.C. The immense age of this oldest book but one may be realized if it be remembered that it was written two thousand

years before Moses (that puts Moses five hundred years before Christ and makes him in a sense a contemporary of the great age of Athens, chuckled the Lion) and two thousand years before the compilation of the Indian Vedas. It is two thousand five hundred years older than Homer and Solomon's proverbs. That," added the Lion, "makes Homer and Solomon practically contemporaries of Christ."

My friend turned over the pages of the volume rapidly. Then he went on: "And listen to this: Dante in 'The Divine Comedy' made Virgil his guide through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. What do you think of that choice bit of information? Virgil guiding Dante through heaven is a rather refreshing idea."

"That sort of mistake really ought not to be made," I admitted. "Is that the best as well as the worst you can say of the book?"

The Lion lay back, thoughtfully pushing his head in upon his pillow.

"I admit I have put the worst first," he replied. "As a matter of fact, it is a bright and graphic book which brings no end of important information about the history of literature within the range of people who would readily admit that they are not literary. It is full of interesting odds and ends of bookish knowledge. And it

gives you a real sense of the spirit of many an author as well as the salient facts about him. You make some genuine contact with the great religious books of the world, you feel the genuine quality of the Greek spirit and the humanistic imitativeness of the Latin people. You move through the middle ages with a sufficient apprehension of the sterility of the earlier centuries to feel the very breath of springtime which comes with the Renaissance. The quotations are made with a good deal of sympathy. And there are some admirable bibliographical notes. It is a good piece of clever journalism. But it is not a brooding and understanding interpretation of the adventure of the human mind in the realm of literary expression."

My friend was still for a moment. Then he spoke again:

"I have a dream of reading a book on the literature of the world some day," he said, "which will be the very pouring forth of the spirit of a man who has opened his mind to the companionship of all the ages. Just because he has taken into his own heart the ripe harvest of beauty in every great literature and, loving it, has made it his own, he will move very easily among the materials of his vast erudition. Each language and each nation and each age will have a personality of its

own, in his mind. And all these things will be set forth in words as mellow and fragrant and beautiful as the story which they have to tell. At last humanity will seem a very wonderful person whose experiences at various stages and in various moods the literature of the world tells. And this biography of the human spirit will be one of the great books of the world."

I had almost moved my lips to say, "Well, why don't you write it?" when I knew in time that this was the one thing I must not say. So, instead, I ventured, "Perhaps your man of universal erudition, your citizen of all the ages is at work on it somewhere now."

The Lion smiled a little sadly.

"If that is true, no one will give the book a warmer welcome than I," he said.

I touched my friend's shoulder lightly as I rose to go.

"After all," I said, "you do not need it. You have it in your mind and heart already." And with his protests in my ear I passed out of the room.

CHAPTER XXX

The Gifts of the Church to the World

"I'VE been thinking about the Christian Church," said the Lion.

"Then you've had a good deal to think about," I replied a bit flippantly, I fear.

"That's precisely the point," replied the Lion. "If you move through the ages as you think about the Christian Church you find that the range and the versatility of the life which the Church has represented are quite astounding. The thing which came home to me in rather a new way was just the fact that the Christian Church is not provincial. It is cosmopolitan."

"Some of the vigorous young intellectuals in great American pulpits would hardly agree with you," I suggested.

"And the very fact that they are there would help to prove my point," returned my friend. "There is hardly an American city which does not have more than one historic pulpit ringing with a voice alive with social passion, the vehicle of a mind which like an aeolian harp allows every wind of contemporary life to blow through it.

It was so in the twelfth century with Abelard. It has been so more often than you would suppose. The church has been so near to human life that a history of the intellectual life of the church is of necessity a history of the whole mental life of the periods during which it has existed."

"But hasn't the Church rather often been fighting against the vigorous life all about it?" I asked.

"Some churchmen have usually fought against it. Others helped to produce it. Think of Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century. Think of Erasmus in the sixteenth century. Think of Alfred Russel Wallace in the nineteenth century."

I sat silent for a moment following my agile friend through the centuries. Then I was about to speak. He checked me with a gesture.

"Did you ever think," he asked, "of the amazing capacity the Church has shown of producing its own severest critics and of developing its own surgeons ready with the sharpest instruments to remove its malignant growths?"

Then without waiting for me to reply the Lion went on:

"If you study the monastic movements of the middle ages you will find that for every corruption there is a powerful movement of reform. If you study the Protestant revolt you will see

that it is in essence the conscience of the Church applied to the sins of the Church. If you study the Wesleyan movement of the eighteenth century you will see that it is the spiritual life of the Church rebuking the Church's lifelessness. It is tremendously significant that both Luther and Wesley were the product of the Church to which they came with such revolutionary power. And when we go back to the beginnings of our contemporary social passion we find men like Charles Kingsley proving once more that some prophet of the Church is always on the watch-tower to detect the signs of the coming of a new dawn."

"The brethren of these progressive prophets have not always been entirely enthusiastic about their leadership," I interjected.

There was a little quiet mirth and a good deal of serious thought in my friend's eye as he replied:

"If you stop to think of it you will see that there is something to be said for the conservatives. The man who is thinking of the new life is rarely thinking of the old stability. The two types are both needed. They supplement each other." Then with one of his sudden flashing smiles the Lion shot this sentence at me:

"Think how absurd a radical would be if there were no conservative for him to contradict?"

"You are an intolerable optimist today," I threw back at him. "You will soon be developing a leaf from an old puritan divine and argue the necessity of hell to complete the felicity of heaven in a perfectly happy universe."

The Lion gave an expressive shrug as if that was reply enough. Then he became serious and said the last words I got from him that day.

"I'm not attacking. And I'm not defending. I'm only saying that take it by and large the area of the Church has been as large as the area of life. The cathedral has had gargoyles. And sometimes crimes have been committed before its altars. But it has been a great cathedral for all that."

"Which sounds very much like defence in spite of your protests," I called back as I went out of the door.

CHAPTER XXXI

Taste and Democracy

IT was a delightful summer day. The Lion was in the spot we called his outdoor study. It was a big porch looking out on the rear garden and so sheltered from observation and secure in a certain fine quiet. Vines were clambering all about. The tables were full of books and magazines. The couch upon which my friend lay was so placed as to be near to pretty much everything he could possibly want. The green grass outside was full of a certain rich beauty. And the flowers in the garden tossed their heads in a gay riot of color. The Lion looked up as I came in from the heat and the rush of the life outside.

" 'The world is too much with us,' " he quoted with a smile. "Come and brush the dust out of your mind, and see what a little quiet will do for the lines on your face. There's a little bit of the Middle Ages hidden in this garden. It's warranted to take you out of the hectic life of the twentieth century. Come and try it."

I looked down at his face with a bit of half-

wistful envy. There was such a curiously vital quiet about him. And his eyes had deep wells of spiritual content.

"It isn't the garden," I said, "it's you. What would the thirteenth century be without Saint Francis."

But he would have none of my praise, not even when indirectly expressed. He picked up a book which lay beside him.

"I've been reading about the middle west," he said. "It's rather right to call it the 'Valley of Democracy,' isn't it?"

"Sinclair Lewis would call it—" I began.

My friend interrupted. "Why read Sinclair Lewis when you can read Vachel Lindsay? Why read the literature of scorn when you can read the literature of understanding? Why read about the old clothes of the middle west when you can read about its awakening spirit?"

"You are fairly keen about Vachel Lindsay, I observe," I suggested.

The Lion responded at once.

"Well, rather," he admitted. "You see when Edgar Lee Masters wrote the 'Spoon River Anthology' I began to fear that nobody who had felt the beat of its heart would really tell us about the Mississippi Valley. The ugly things and the sordid things and the hot beastly things

were seen clearly enough by Masters. But the thing which gives wings to this great inland country he did not see at all. Then Vachel Lindsay showed us the other side of the picture. All the while you knew that he was looking at something very noble and very full of lofty promise even when he gave a hint instead of a description. He had all sorts of sympathy. He could take you on a sudden trip into the barbaric soul of an untutored race and let you see its spirit reaching out toward spiritual heights. He could bring the quality of a civilization with a thousand delicate dreams of beauty into the night dullness of a Chinese laundry. He could set the hopes of the Salvation Army to high lyrical music. But best of all this democrat of cosmopolitan sympathies felt the possibilities and the promise of the great middle west. He did not patronize it. He did not analyze its weaknesses with cynical scorn. He listened to the beat of its heart. He watched the play of its mind. He felt the outreach of its spirit. And all the while he was finding more to believe in and care about, more upon which to build a great hope. He knew that sometimes the Valley of Democracy is inarticulate. But he was sure that it was not empty of meaning. He was convinced that it was rich with unexpressed idealism and laden with uninterpreted dreams of

beauty. He brought to the middle west the simple reverence of a child of genius. And so the great wide land began to tell him its secrets."

"Walter Pater would have seen very little of all that in our western plains with their ugly little villages," I remarked when the Lion had paused for breath.

My friend lay silent for a moment with a little wrinkle of thought upon his brow.

"You are right about Pater," he said at length. "Marius the Epicurean would not have found the middle west a homeland for his spirit. But that is just the limitation of a type of mind so sophisticated that it can only recognize beauty in certain stately garments, and a taste whose disciplined self-consciousness can only recognize charm in a marble finish. There is a touch of decadence about the refinement which cannot pierce the rude realities of a rugged and growing country to see the sound and strong spirit which moves through its life with a rhythm all its own. There is a variety of classic taste which consists principally in despising what does not conform to its own rules. And it comes at last to lose all contact with the creative realities of the human spirit. It is only when classic taste is wedded to the endless expectations and the exhaustless hopes of the romantic spirit that a man is safe. With-

out this the classic mind comes to a hard rigidity at last."

"You are making a good many concessions considering your own austere taste in a good many matters," I ventured.

The Lion smiled easily.

"Some day we'll learn that there is no reason why sternly disciplined taste cannot be combined with hearty human sympathy," he declared.

Then a light came in my friend's eye. He moved a little restlessly. And then he spoke the words which ended our talk for the day.

"Can't you see it?" he asked. "Here we are with all sorts of people from everywhere living together. Think of all the traditions. Think of all the dreams. Think of all the varied capacities. Think of all the kinds of mind. And here we are in the wide spaces of the middle west busy with the great adventure of living and thinking and making a republic of the mind and heart. If we respect each other and try to travel the wonderful paths from mind to mind and keep dreaming our great dreams and hoping our great hopes, at last something very fine and beautiful is to come out of it all. It requires faith. And expectation. And insight. And patience. And the fire kept burning in one's own heart. If you listen to the

life of our great plains you will hear wonderful sounds. For it's turning into music after all."

I went away quietly quoting to myself the lines of Lindsay:

> "'Look in your own heart,' she said,
> 'Aladdin's lamp is there.'"

CHAPTER XXXII

Machines and the Man

THE Lion had been very much impressed by Mr. Arthus Pound's "The Iron Man in Industry." For a number of weeks, he was always sure to bring it into every conversation when I called to see him. "It is true enough," he would say, "that there is more than one Iron Age. The first was the age of the skilled worker in iron and Mr. Pound is quite right in saying that we live in the era of the automatic machine. It fairly makes me dizzy to think of the possibilities of this new age and some of them are not particularly pleasant. The automatic machine makes possible the survival and the vital productivity of groups which went to the wall in the sterner days which lie behind. In some ways, the ideal worker at an automatic machine is a man who is underdeveloped mentally if you were thinking merely in the terms of human values. One wonders sometimes if the automatic machine will at last deplete the personal and intellectual vigor of the race."

Then we would fall to discussing all the aspects of the intricate situation which the new machine age has produced and always we would come at last to the necessity that the worker at the automatic machine with his shorter hours and higher wages should be taught how to use his leisure in wise and productive and up-building fashion.

It was in some such mood as these discussions produced that the Lion fell upon Sir Henry Jones's fascinating little book, "Old Memories." He was holding it in his hand when I came into his room one day and he held it out to me very eagerly.

"I have known Sir Henry as a student of Browning," he said. "I have known him as a philosopher and now at last I know him as a very fascinating human being. The account of the struggles of this Welsh boy for an education makes up the sort of tale which will put new fire and energy into the blood of every aspiring young man who reads it. The story of the two Welsh boys on a long walk between midnight and morning, shaking hands as they promised each other that they would graduate from some university, deserves to achieve an immortality of its own. The picture of the simple Welsh home with such strange privation and yet such wonderful good humor, such fine content, and such capacity to

build character gives one a new faith in the stuff of which a democracy is made."

I was turning over the pages of the book while the Lion talked. "How can you put the spirit of the boy who was to become Sir Henry Jones into the young fellows who are running automatic machines in so many of our factories and have never learned how to use their leisure?" I asked.

"One way is to get the brightest of them to read 'Old Memories,'" replied my friend.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Sonnets of the Cross

AT first I thought the Lion was asleep. Very quietly I picked up a book and sat down beside him. But before I had been reading long he turned toward me. I put down the book and at once was arrested by something lustrous in his eyes.

"I have been living with twenty-six wonderful sonnets," he observed. He handed to me a very tiny volume which bore the title, "Sonnets of the Cross," by Thomas S. Jones, Jr. I turned to the first of the series and was quickly arrested by a line marked in the careful and individual way which characterized my friend. The line ran thus, "The fragrance of a lost simplicity." I found myself repeating it softly, each repetition seeming to unfold more perfectly its subtle music and its poignant suggestion. A little farther along in the same sonnet came these lines:

> "Autumn's rich ruined splendor and soft haze—
> The memory of immemorial fires."

On I went and the Lion was quite content to

have it so. Old saints lived their lives and wrought their wonders in the hearts and lives of men. Nature lived with a certain stainless wonder of mystical suggestion. And words caught old emotions and gave them a new potency so that they won the immortality which can be given when an understanding heart can command the perfect power of revealing phrases. The strange and quiet delicacy of it all, the beautiful and healing power of the very speech of these poems of exquisite artistry, the sense that a rare and gracious soul had put its very secret into phrases whose texture was almost as wonderful as the message they had to bear; the happy surprise with which one found that our own land had poured forth this subtle, distilled beauty of spiritual loveliness: all this quite possessed my mind as I went on and read every one of the twenty-six sonnets which the little book contains. Then I sat quite still and my friend who never breaks in upon a seminal silence uttered not a word.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon and there was a touch of wistful farewell beauty about the landscape which beyond the windows unfolded before one's eye. But I was off in other ages and full of the pain and the rapture of other days. I read once more the chaste and noble words whose understanding music told the tale of Cædmon's

humiliation and of the glory of inspiration which swept over his spirit "ere the stars were folded in rose flame" at dawn. Buzzing wheels and revolving belts and all the clicking efficiency of modern life seemed very far away and beauty like ripe fruit was hanging upon all the trees. At length I turned toward my friend:

"If this is the sort of thing Americans are going to do and if this is the sort of thing other Americans are going to appreciate there are great days ahead for the children of the old moral and spiritual adventurers."

"You have thought of that, too," smiled back the Lion. "We have assembled the parts of countless automobiles. Here there is the assembling of the evasive and almost impalpable elements of a great and cleansing beauty. We are becoming morally and spiritually lonely in the midst of our success and our prosperity. And so we are ready to learn that deep humility which will give to the nation a greatness which it has never known."

The desire to aid in the diffusion of these golden bits of writing was already kindled within me. I took note of the fact that fifty cents would secure a copy of the little book. The Lion had a certain slow and whimsical amusement in his eye as he gave me the information.

"You are a brave man if you undertake propaganda for a fragrance," he declared.

"It is all a part of a very ancient merchandise," I laughed back. "And after all it was a fragrance and not an idea which made possible the Renaissance."

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Matter of Choice

THE day had been particularly full of pressing and not entirely interesting work. I came to the evening with a rather heavy sense of weariness and depletion. So it was natural enough that I made my way to the home of the Lion.

He looked up with a bright light in his eye and quoted with a curious contagious gaiety.

> " 'The whole of the world was merry,
> One joy from the vale to the height,
> When the blue woods of twilight encircled
> The lovely lawns of light.' " [1]

"You are determined that at this particular evening time there shall be music as well as light." I remarked.

"The light will fade but the music is to continue," countered the Lion.

"Why so blithe tonight?" I asked as I took a chair beside the bed.

"Just because I had to be very happy or very

[1] A.E. Chap. 1, "Anthology of Modern Verse."

sad," replied the Lion simply. "Some days are like that. They scorn Aristotle's golden mean. You can be full of gladness or you can be full of gloom. You have a choice. But it is a choice of extremes. And as you see my choice has been made with somewhat satisfactory results."

"It is doubtless easier to talk about it than to do it," I ventured, probing just a little, which I will admit was just what ordinarily I did not do.

The Lion apparently did not mind. At least he gave no sign of displeasure. Indeed he seemed willing to talk. "The words 'easy' and 'hard' scarcely fit the situation. It seems impossible until you do it and then it seems the most natural thing in the world to have done. I suppose the psychological basis for fatalism is just that all choices seem inevitable after they are made."

"And in similar sort the basis for Calvinism is—"

"That the moment the great decision is really made you feel as if it was done in eternity. You cannot imagine a world or a life in which God would not hold you fast for himself."

"And what of the people who are left out of this eternal divine choice."

"Oh, the Calvinist has never really dared to think of them. He has simply built a theology on the psychological experience involved in the

great acceptance. He really has nothing to say about those who are left out."

"Then the only valid—at least the only consistent—Calvinism, is the Calvinist turned inside out of the Universalist who believes that all men are included in the eternal choice and must make the great acceptance at last."

"What a dialectician you are tonight," laughed the Lion, "I am afraid there are depths of personality which the Universalist has never probed. But he has a good heart and he can say more for himself logically than he sometimes says."

The bit of theological argument had quite refreshed my spirits. The Lion says that when I am fairly worn out a syllogism before and after sleeping is sure to restore me. I have more faith in the sleep myself. But I will not deny that my friend's prescriptions have their value.

He was gazing straight at the ceiling now as if he saw something very engrossing there.

"Personality is a richer thing than we have ever discovered," he was saying. "You can't fasten it in mechanical or mathematical formulas. You can chart what has happened by mathematics. You cannot chart the future of a personal life. And that is the glory of the adventure of living."

"You think there is no chart of the future?" I asked.

"Well, I will qualify that," said the Lion. "There is a chart dominated by a power called purpose. But purpose is freedom in action. And so you keep the sense of glad adventure."

I went home that night with the words "the sense of glad adventure" ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER XXXV

Introducing the World of Letters

"I HAVE been talking with the most delightful boy this afternoon," said the Lion. His eyes were bright and I feared that he had been exciting himself too much.

"Then you'd better rest for an hour and let me come back later," I replied.

"Don't go just yet," said the Lion. "I want to talk to you about this boy. He's having a perfectly good time in high school. He's sound as a nut. His body is strong and lithe and graceful. He has a wonderfully appealing face, and eyes that look right into your soul. And best of all he has a mind quick and keen. He is fairly bristling with questions. And somehow you know that he has it in him to give himself tremendously to the right things when he finds them."

"Really, that's something of a boy," I interjected. "And of what did you talk?"

The Lion had been coming to that.

"This boy is a great reader," he said. "He goes in for athletics tremendously and his muscles have

a sort of powerful yet silent movement. But he also goes in for reading. And he goes in for reading with all his might. One of these days he'll have a summer and a winter house for his mind in every significant age of the world. Just now he has been reading three books. And three very capital books they are for a boy or a man. They are good for introduction, they are good for the awakening of memories. They are all by that man of keen mind and easy appealing style, Dr. W. J. Dawson. The first is the 'Makers of English Poetry,' the second is the 'Makers of English Prose,' the third is the 'Makers of English Fiction.' Dr. Dawson has read widely. But the important thing is that reading has been a part of his life. So it comes about that the glow of many a hearthfire, the wind off the ocean blowing over the deck of a liner in many a voyage, and the leaves of the trees talking together above the reader in some far-off camp, all bring a certain quality to his writing which may be all too absent from the book of a professional critic who has technical knowledge but whose reading has never been bathed in his life. Then Dr. Dawson writes with a certain graceful simplicity. And so his books are particularly good for just such chaps as this young friend of mine, even as they are good for men who are older and who see

between the lines the meanings which quite escape the scrutiny of the keen and eager lads."

The Lion looked out at the window. The garden was extraordinarily beautiful this late summer afternoon.

"English literature is like that, only a great deal more wonderful. I wonder sometimes that so many people forget through what a noble line they have inherited a garden, a magical garden of perennial bloom."

"The time to begin with them is when they are boys like your fine lad," I suggested.

The Lion's face brightened. "You are right about that," he said. "This lad will carry the torch bravely. And by and by he will hand it on. Already he is combining reading about authors and reading the authors themselves in just the way which is most full of promise."

I looked at some volumes by Professor Saintsbury on the table near my friend. "And all the while you are trying your wisdom tooth on the gritty style of this shrewd teacher of English." I said.

"He creates a taste for the ways of his own mind and the delights of his characteristic style," said the Lion, "but my keen lad is not ready for Saintsbury yet."

CHAPTER XXXVI

More About Greece

JUST as quickly as possible after my return from Europe I ran in to see the Lion. And just as I expected he tried to persuade me to do all the talking. But after I had replied to many an eager question, it was not too hard to insist that he in turn must submit to interrogation.

"What are the books which the elevator has carried down to your subconscious mind?" I asked merrily.

The Lion made a little grimace.

"Some of them have gotten down into the library of the subconscious without any consent of mine, if they have gotten there at all," he replied. "I have read some rather poor books this summer."

He put his hand out to a little shelf beside the bed.

"But I have had a good time in Greece these last days," he went on. "First I read 'The Pageant of Greece,' by that industrious and cap-

able and understanding Oxford scholar, R. W. Livingstone. He turns the whole of Greek literature into one great unfolding tale. In effective and graphic fashion he introduces you to the period and the literary type and the man. Then he lets each speak for himself. So you have an anthology, a history, and some very good criticism."

He held out the book and I turned over its familiar pages pausing over passages which I too had enjoyed. But the Lion continued to speak.

"Then I picked up 'The Achievement of Greece,' by Dr. William Chase Greene, of Harvard University. Here you have a book with a touch and a method all of its own. Professor Greene is a good classicist. But he is also a very modern man. And he is every inch an American. All of this gives him standards for comparison which set the Greek life in new and happy perspective. In a very fine sense his book is interpretative as well as narrative. And just because the seeing of one type of life in the terms of another is a productive and enriching experience, you are very glad to read after Professor Greene hour after hour with many an interlude for quiet meditation."

My friend was quite silent now, as if the very

word "meditation" had carried him off to the serenity of some gracious experience of quiet thought. Then he looked up smiling brightly.

"How many Greeks do you suppose there are in America?" he asked, and went on without waiting for a reply, "I get letters from some of them. They are scattered all over the United States. And they love America so deeply that they want it to receive every gift which Attica holds out in friendly offering to the young nation of the West."

After that it was of our own tense and energetic Republic that we talked, but once and again my friend used a phrase which suggested the perpetual youth of Athens.

CHAPTER XXXVII

About Dr. Fosdick

"NOW tell me all about it," said the Lion.

"All about what," I threw back at once.

It was at the beginning of our second visit together after my return from England in September, 1924.

"About Dr. Fosdick's visit to England," said my friend. "Of course I read about it—everything I could find—in the *British Weekly* and the *Christian World*. I read some of the sermons he preached in England in the *Christian World* Pulpit. But you've been over some of the very trails in which he traveled in the City Temple in London, and in Carr's Lane in Birmingham. You have met various types of people in London, who heard him and who talked to you about him. And I want to know all about it."

I smiled a little at my friend's impetuous eagerness, and he smiled a little too as he silently waited.

"Well, I suppose it would not be an exaggera-

tion," I began, "to say that no American preacher since Henry Ward Beecher has had such a reception in England. Dr. Fosdick is the sort of person the English instinctively like. They feel at once the finely disciplined quality of his mind. They are delighted with the sense he gives—quite without ostentation—of wide ranging and an understanding perusal of multitudes of books. They feel the intellectual honesty, the hard and patient investigation, the serious thought which lie back of his utterances. They are carried along by the sheer momentum of his eloquence, just because they feel that it is not a substitute for thought and effort but the expression of a mental preparation which has required not hours but years. They happily respond to his brilliant flashes of expression because they feel how sound is the intellectual life back of them. And deeper than anything else they feel that he is the eager prophet of a religious life which is commanding and authentic to him, which has captured his mind, mastered his conscience, and which is in command of his life. On all sides, from the most various types of people one hears the heartiest and happiest expressions of appreciation for his visit and for what it brought to England."

"Is there any friendly criticism?"

"You have to have a very powerful microscope

—if one may use that figure—to detect even a suggestion of it. Perhaps once in a while there is the tiniest hint heard that in time Dr. Fosdick's erudition, which now has the splendor and grace of growth, will add a quality of ripeness. And perhaps there is the barest suggestion once and a while that his clear and earnest mind will yet probe to depths of thinking into which it has not yet moved. But if there are any suggestions at all of this sort they are all accompanied by words of warm and gracious friendliness."

The Lion gave a little movement which made me know that he was ready to talk.

"I will never forget the impression which 'The Manhood of the Master' made upon me. Then 'The Meaning of Prayer' filled me with a kind of joyous eagerness. 'The Meaning of Faith' and 'The Meaning of Service' seemed to be just about as good pieces of work after their kind as one could come upon. I had not dared, until Dr. Fosdick emerged, to believe that the shrewd, practical Young Men's Christian Association clientele was ready for that sort of thing. Few people realize how he has led that group into a sort of intellectual and cultural promised land. I was happy as I read 'The Twelve Tests of Character.' I liked best of all the Cole Lectures 'Progress and

Religion.' Now I am going to get into the Yale Lectures on preaching. I'm glad he had such a fine time in England. When we sent him over we gave something of the best we have."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

About the New Psychology

"ALL aboard for the subconscious!" called out the Lion as I entered his room.

"At last," I replied gaily, "I knew you would be talking to me about the new psychology. Wait until I get a comfortable chair."

"Well I do not want exactly to talk to you about the new psychology. I do not at the moment want to talk about Freud. I do not want to talk about Jung. I want to begin with a new little book quite a by-product of the whole movement, 'The New Psychology and the Preacher,' by Dr. H. Crichton Miller. Then I want to tell you some thoughts of a quiet man who has a great deal of time to analyze his own processes."

"To begin then with Dr. H. Crichton Miller," I threw at my friend, crossing my legs and settling down into an attitude of attention.

"Dr. H. Crichton Miller," said the Lion, "tells different sorts of people such as parents and teachers what they ought to get out of the new psychology. Now he is doing this for the

preachers. He is not without modesty. He has no liking for the psychological mire. He is keenly interested in the great moral and spiritual sanctions. And he knows a great deal about the literature of the new psychology and rather more about actual men and women. So he writes a book which contains much that is wholesome and sane and wise. When he comes to deal with dreams he plunges into the sort of allegory out of which Biblical interpreters emerged long ago. And some of his psychological interpretations of literature fill one with a sort of sad alarm. Then once and again he fails to emerge completely from some of the abysses of moral gloom where some of the Freudians dwell. He lacks the larger perspective which a little sympathetic knowledge of the deeper aspects of the history of philosophy and even the history of theology would give him."

The Lion had evidently done with H. Crichton Miller for the moment.

"And now for the thoughts of the quiet man," I suggested.

My friend smiled.

"Well, of course, lying here one does think a good deal. I'll only give you two of my discoveries now for what they are worth. One is that if I send one sort of thing down into my subconscious life, I may expect just that sort of

thing to come back. And after all I have a good deal to do with what goes down."

"But what about the racial deposit in the subconscious with which you have nothing to do except to face its results?" I asked.

"That's the other thing I want to speak about. At least it's on the way to the other thing. I distinguish three levels of the subconscious. One contains that which I send down. The next contains that which racial experience has left behind. And beneath that is the clear pure stream of the life of God which flows through every human life. If one breaks through the wall to that mighty stream it rushes in, cleansing and inspiring. It is stronger than all the racial inheritance just as eternity is stronger than time. One can allow that stream to flow through without utilizing its power, or one can open the way for its movement through every crevice of the conscious and unconscious life. The thing that I have learned is that the deepest element in the subconscious is the presence of God."

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Quest for Unity and Progress

"SO you met Mr. F. S. Marvin, the editor of the famous 'Unity Series' when you were in London," observed the Lion. "Now tell me what he is like."

"He is a man you might well pause to look at the second time even if you did not know his name," I replied. "He carries himself with a certain air of quiet distinction. He has shrewd and kindly and whimsical eyes, with a touch of half-ironic mirth in them. He listens in a conversation with an air of interest combined with a touch of detachment, as if he is considering the thoughts which are being propounded in the light of large and varied relationships. He has nothing of hard aggressiveness about him but there is a quiet assurance which has its own steady compulsion. He carries his erudition easily but firmly. You like him and you carry a pleasant sense of his personality back to the reading of his books."

My friend was ready with his response to the words of characterization.

"I have been following Mr. Marvin for ten years," he said. "I began with his own book 'The Living Past'—that notable piece of synthetic thinking about the whole of human history, so much slighter in form and so much profounder in erudition than Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Outline of History.' His conception of the past pouring its fertilizing currents forever into the present quite captured my mind. Then I read 'The Century of Hope'—that brilliant and effective study of the nineteenth century. These two books ripe with years of reading and research and brooding meditation gave Mr. Marvin a place all his own in my mind. Then I began with the 'Unity Series.' Their method arrested my interest at once. The gathering together of a group of men who had a right to speak, the uniting of their individual contribution by means of unifying essays, written by Mr. Marvin himself, into volumes dealing with notable comprehensiveness with themes of far-reaching significance, represented an experiment and an achievement which filled me with a sort of glad surprise. I remember that you once referred to these volumes as a little university. I had scarcely dreamed that such a body of significant generalization based upon close and careful study could be gathered together in so brief a compass. So 'The

Unity of Modern Civilization,' 'Progress and History,' 'The Evolution of World Peace,' 'Recent Developments of European Thought,' and the others had each an instant welcome upon its arrival."

The Lion moved the fingers of his right hand through his hair in a quiet meditative way he had.

Then he added one more word.

"If we could get all our college graduates to read and reread these volumes which Mr. Marvin has written and edited, what a difference it would make in America's contribution to civilization."

"A good many forward-looking men are reading them," I reminded the Lion, before we turned to other themes.

CHAPTER XL

The Leadership of Dr. Cadman

"HE has a place all of his own in the American pulpit," declared the Lion.

He was speaking of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the famous pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York.

"No one is surprised to learn that he is an Englishman by birth and training. The Wesleyan church put its fire into his heart and the stamp of its scholarship upon his brain. He heard Dale in the great days of that imperial preacher. He read Burke until the majestic flow of his mighty periods became a part of the music of his own mind. When he came to America, his hearty and masterful personality quickly made a place for itself. He was one of the outstanding preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he accepted a call to the great Congregational pulpit. Here for twenty-three years he has made a pulpit a throne. His own powerful figure, with his appealing voice, his massive and vigorous style, the range and heartiness of his interests, and his deep

sense of the realities of religion unite as elements in his power. He is so splendidly alive. He is so heartily human. And he has so characteristically the assurance of the mind which has found a secure dwelling place, that men in an anemic and transitional age find him a source of infinite refreshment and stimulus and inspiration."

My friend paused reminiscently. "I remember how happily I read 'Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers.' Such books and such utterances ought not to be forgotten when we think of the influences which made a home for truth-seeking young men where science and religion could happily meet. Then his book on those three men of Oxford, Wyclif, Wesley, and Newman, was the sort of work which brings back the past and helps to create the right mood for the future. Wesley has rarely been described on a larger canvas. It was inevitable that such a mind should set about interpreting the tasks of the preacher. And so we were all ready for that fat and fertilizing book, 'The Ambassadors of God.' "

"A man like Dr. Cadman cannot forget that every realm belongs to the sway of the sanctions of religion. And so I was ready for the announcement of his book, 'Christianity and the State.' "

The Lion looked up brightly.

"What big challenging books on great and

stirring themes Dr. Cadman writes. They seem—indeed they are—the actual reflection of the eager and manifold and discriminating life of the man. I like to think of him going about America. I like to think of the thousands who listen to him over the radio. He has a downright mind. He walks with a firm step. And he dares to write in a style which calls for a mind of certain ample qualities, of some actual leisure, and of capacity for meditation about great themes."

"What will he write about next?" I asked.

"Who can say?" replied the Lion. "He watches and looks and listens and thinks and analyzes all the while. Whatever the subject it will come deeply out of the life of the time. It will be enriched by noble memories of other days. It will have an outlook on the future. And it will have a window open toward Jerusalem."

CHAPTER XLI

The Christian Spirit in the Churches

"AS to the churches," said the Lion, "I think I know the next step."

We had been talking about the United Church of Canada, and of the altogether extraordinary Christian statesmanship shown by men like Dr. Chown in the negotiations which have led up to the present consummation.

"The world is moving in that direction," said the Lion, "but it is not ready for it yet. There are preliminary steps which must be taken."

"Well, we seem to be taking some of them," I replied. "Federation may not be everything. But it is a good deal better than nothing. And it is a great deal better than hostility. When you get the denominational leaders of great cities working together about great social and civic enterprises, something very far-reaching and something very significant is being done. You cannot tell how much may come out of it."

"And it is easy to wait for the wonderful things to emerge and in the meantime to neglect some very practical and very promising possibilities."

"Meaning just what by that rather vague and tantalizing phrase?" I asked.

"Meaning that an adventure in psychological sympathy will do more than anything else to change and ennoble the whole situation."

"That is adding insult to injury," I replied. "What do you mean by an adventure in psychological sympathy?"

"It is rather a mouthful," admitted the Lion. "Let me explain."

"Pray illuminate my dark mind," I requested.

"Remember I'm quite serious," continued the Lion. Then he went on:

"When a man in one of the great Christian denominations begins to think of the intellectual sanctions or the ecclesiastical practice of another he at once takes the position of a logician analyzing the contents of the other view. And at once a certain hard and brittle quality comes into his mind. He takes a huge mental delight in finding just what the weaknesses of other positions are. In the meantime men in the other church are doing just the same thing with his faith and practice. And so the set of the dialectical sun finds them just about as far apart as possible. Our logical battles separate us. They do not draw us together."

"Well," I replied a little nettled, "what can we

do about it. Shall we seek for the day when everybody agrees about everything because nobody cares particularly about anything?"

"Not so fast, my friend," said the Lion. And before going on with his argument he quoted Emerson with delighted malice "Why so hot little man."

"So far I insist that your argument has left me quite cold," I retorted. "But I await the next stage of the argument."

"It all comes to this," said the Lion. "Whenever a man of one church is thinking of a man in another, and, instead of asking what he believes, asks why he believes it, at once everything is changed. When in respect of forms and ritual he asks not what a man does but why he does it, a new path opens at once. Take an illustration or two. Here is a man with a tremendous tradition of independence and of emphasis on the individual. He is thinking of a church whose fundamental note is solidarity. If he does it as a logician, he thinks at once of tyranny and of mechanical processes. But if he begins to study that deep human hunger for union and organic life which lies back of all the churches of solidarity, he begins to feel a curious sympathy for it all. He has sometimes felt terribly alone. He can in a measure see what a great spiritual organism could do

for all its members. An independent may turn from a high churchman with his head. But every independent has a high churchman hidden somewhere in his heart. On the other hand take the member of a church of solidarity. He begins to think of the independent tradition. And if he does it as a logician he is thinking of anarchy, and disruption and all that disintegrates the noble beauty of his composite life. But suppose he begins to think of that deep human instinct which is expressed by all those sanctions having to do with the inviolable integrity of the individual life. He begins to feel a thrill of sympathy. He, too, has a priceless personal life. He has felt oppressed sometimes by a power which did not consider the sacredness of that life. A high churchman may turn from an independent with his head. But every high churchman has an independent hidden away in his heart. And so I believe that perpetual adventures in psychological sympathy would bring us nearer and nearer together. Finally they would result in the creation of a Church great enough to make room for the truth in all our positions. Never forget the true saying that we are usually right in our affirmations and wrong in our denials. Such a mood would create a new atmosphere of affirmation. That would be a great gain. And it would create an atmosphere of

good will which would move through all the churches. And that would be a gain which would surely express the mind of the Master of the Church."

CHAPTER XLII

The Messages of the Churches for the Churches

"I HAVE been thinking of your experiment in psychological sympathy among the churches," I observed. I was sitting beside the Lion and the peace of the lovely summer evening seemed reflected in his face. There was a flash in his eye, however, which suggested vital energy as well as serenity, and I fancied that he was ready to talk. "You illustrated your principle by a reference to the groups emphasizing solidarity and the groups representing the emphasis upon the rights and liberties of the individual. Would you be willing to carry your illustrations a little farther?" I suggested.

"Well, take a very characteristic and obvious line of demarkation," replied the Lion. "There are the groups to whom Christianity is essentially an appropriation of a fundamental set of intellectual concepts regarding God and man. There are the groups to whom religion is essentially a rich and transforming and gloriously emotional

expression of the inner life. When they begin to reason about each other how hard and rigid they become. The dialecticians see before them the ghosts of all the overwrought and hectic enthusiasms which have appeared in the history of religion. They are not reassured by the picture. They see how easily religious emotion turns to sensuous or even sensual emotion and this rouses their profound suspicion. They see how easily mysticism can turn into pantheism and how easily pantheism comes to mean the disintegration of ethics, and so they turn from the emotional types of religion with profound hostility. On the other hand the mystics see all the hard unloveliness of a merely dialectical religion. If they are logical in nothing else then, they are keenly logical in their attacks upon logical orthodoxy as a substitute for the vitalities of heart-warming religion. They show how intellectualism degenerates into scholasticism and how easily scholasticism busies itself about the endless discussion of the unimportant and neglects the mightier matters of law and life. They do not let us forget the debates over hypothetical angels poised on the point of a hypothetical needle. They remind us that there is all the difference in the world between a formula and the reality for which it stands. And they point out the curious and perpetual tendency for the dialec-

tician to become loyal to his formula to the neglect of the reality it expresses. They point out the cold intellectual pride which often settles upon the intellectualist. They picture the barren quality of those churches where the rattle of syllogisms takes the place of the pouring forth of glowing inspirations. So they turn from the way of the logical theologian with lofty scorn."

"Very well," I cried, "now how are you going to get them together?"

"Just by a simple change of attitude," replied the Lion. "The moment the logician stops analyzing the weaknesses of the mystic and begins to ask what deep need in human nature mysticism satisfies, everything is seen in a new light. After all the logician has a heart and when once he begins to think of it he sees that even a syllogism is never fully potent until it is set on fire. When logic is wedded to moral and spiritual passion it shakes the world. And so the logician finds a mystic hidden away in his heart. Witness Jonathan Edwards. On the other hand the man of the inner life has a new door opened before him when he asks why men try to give logical form to the religious life. He is forced to confess that religious experience has a way of turning into vapor and mist and that this simply does not happen if the rapture of the mystic is based on

the logic of the dialectician. Not even mysticism can get along very well as a nervous system without any bones. So the two types of men each come to see that the other is making a real contribution, each that there is need of the other, and at last that only together they can do the thing which needs to be done for the world."

CHAPTER XLIII

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey's Mind at Play

"OF course it's not a book for everybody," mused the Lion.

He was holding in his hand "The River of Life"—that recently published diary of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the able editor of the *Spectator*.

"I read Mr. Strachey's autobiography, 'The Adventure of Living,' with the greatest interest," went on my friend. "Here was the tale of the life of a typical English gentleman of letters—typical in the combination of high breeding and the love of knowledge and the joy of letters—very individual in personal tang and quality—and altogether fascinating as the tale of a curious and earnest mind moving about in high adventure among the thoughts and activities of men. Now comes this diary, 'The River of Life.' It was pretty much written during the years 1923 and 1924 and it moves with easy and happy decisiveness among all sorts of themes. Now it is the mountain country of Wales. Now it is the new

psychology. Now it is the glory of Italian scenery with subtle interpretation of Italian life. Now it is comment and criticism ranging from Aristotle through Racine to Matthew Arnold. Now it is the collection of bon mots or desperate sayings or even limericks. Now it is the consideration of baffling problems, freedom and solidarity, God and man. Now it is the flare of a bit of Mr. Strachey's own verse. Now it is a thrust of Swift or a bit of polite irony quoted from Pope. Altogether the book shows a gifted and highly trained mind at play. There is something more than play—for the river of this eager and investigating mind reflects no end of matters of real significance. Very often you see the stars in the sky above. And sometimes you hear the mighty motion of that great sea toward which all rivers run. You must bring something to such a book. It is not for a man whose mind has no past. But for the man who brings a mind with some riches of its own there is high and noble merchandise and much gladness amid the handling of the wares."

The Lion seemed inclined to play a little with his idea of merchants of the mind.

He resisted the temptation however and continued to talk of the editor of the *Spectator*.

"He has a real style," declared my friend. "It

has a certain urbane and easy dignity. Even the fun is edged with highly bred and gracious speech. There is the serene and steady motion of a mind which is not conscious of its aristocratic caste but quite without analysis takes it for granted. There is many a phrase alive with insight and many a sentence with light burning at its heart. There are figures of curious felicity as when describing the patient and painstaking mountain-climbing of some modern scientist Mr. Strachey at last brings him to the top of the range, only to discover that some keen-minded Greek has shot an arrow to the very summit a couple of thousand years ago. The people of taste and understanding will find this book and they will give it a distinguished welcome."

The Lion waited a moment. Then he looked at me whimsically. "What a good game the mental life is!" he said. "Why do so few people play it?" Before I had time to answer he threw at me one of his sententious utterances which put a period at the end of this particular conversation:

"When intelligence ceases to be a task and becomes a game a civilization enters upon a new era."

CHAPTER XLIV

An Acutely Critical Mind

"THERE ought to be more of this sort of thing," declared the Lion.

"Meaning by this sort of thing——" I asked.

My friend held toward me that arresting book, "Living Issues in Religious Thought," by Herbert G. Wood, professor of New Testament Literature and Church History at the Selly Oak College, and Director of Studies at Woodbrooke.

"From George Fox to Bertrand Russell," I said aloud reading the subtitle of the volume. But the Lion had started on what promised to be a vigorous conversational trot, and I hurried after to be sure that I missed nothing.

"It's this way," my friend was saying. "There's no end of agreement and disagreement in the contemporary world. But there is very little real criticism. The publishing of a volume of acute and understanding criticism is a real event. And when the critic knows how to use the English language with vigor and energy and pith in his

writing, and when he writes within the area of vital Christian thought and experience, then he brings me a gift for which I cannot be too grateful.

My friend had reached for the volume and was holding it again in his hands. "Take the Essays devoted to the analysis of the position of Mr. Bertrand Russell for instance. Here Professor Wood is dealing with one of the most subtle and adroitly sophisticated minds of the century. And with a quiet skill which one watches with a kind of amazed joy he takes up the writing of Mr. Russell and entangles him in a web of contradictory statements which only the shrewd psychology, the glamor of style, and the air of cunning logic which characterize the writing of Russell have hidden from view. Here is dialectic of a fascinating and brilliant sort. But back of it all you find something very much finer and better than the thrust of the sword of a master of logic. All the while you are kept in the realm of great moral and spiritual sanctions. And after the sword play you stand in the presence of those high and mastering experiences which give life its noblest meaning. The discussion of the next revival of religion is more than a piece of clear thinking. It adds to diagnosis a noble prophetic power."

"Logic and mysticism come in for a noble wed-

lock when you actually join them together," I ventured.

"Precisely," said the Lion, but he went on not to be diverted. "Take the study of the methods of Professor Kirsopp Lake in the essay 'Liberal Protestantism and Modern Criticism.' Nothing could be keener or more sound. And the studies of H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw have the sort of discrimination which gives one a renewed sense of what criticism can be in our own time. The study of Quakerism and the appreciation of John Woolman have meaning for any man of good will anywhere in the world."

The Lion had a very eager light in his eye as he spoke.

"Just to have younger men alive who do this sort of thing gives me a new confidence in the future. When the critic rises to creative enthusiasm you are ready to pass from the age of analysis to the age of achievement."

CHAPTER XLV

Paul Through Contemporary Eyes

"WHAT do you know about the apostle Paul?" asked the Lion.

"Perhaps a little less than I knew twenty-six years ago when I graduated from theological seminary," I replied, "in spite of and partly because of all the books about Paul which I have read since that time."

The Lion laughed.

"I know what you mean," he said. "Of course criticism does decrease the area of knowledge—or of what had been supposed to be knowledge—on the one hand even as it increases it on the other. Still I should fancy the Pauline material represents a genuine advance."

"We do know more about Paul's environment and about the world in which he lived," I replied, "I should be inclined to say that we know more of the incidental Paul. I am not sure that we know more of the essential Paul."

"Ah, but to know the essential Paul you must have a Pauline experience," said the Lion, "And

I am ready to grant that this age is not particularly Pauline. Still Harold Dodd's book seems to me to say essential things with understanding as well as unessential things with great skill."

There was a twinkle in the Lion's eye as he saw my smile. But he pursued his way serenely.

"I have been reading Dr. Charles Jefferson's book, 'The Character of Paul,'" he said. "You might call it a study of the untheological Paul, or a study of Paul with the theology left out."

"Am I to gather that you find Paul emancipated from dogma or emasculated because without dogma?" I asked.

"Neither," replied my friend. "Theology is not contradicted, any more than you contradict the day when you describe a beautiful night. Theology is passed by. It is not antagonized. Dr. Jefferson's book is a study of the human being called Paul. You really do feel that Dr. Jefferson knows him intimately. And he makes you know him intimately too. You come in touch with a warm and living personality and you find your own life kindled and enriched as you spend bright hours with him. Dr. Jefferson all the while acting as interpreter."

"Where do you place Dr. Jefferson theologically?" I asked.

"I do not think of him as belonging to a school

or as adopting any of the passwords," replied the Lion. "It is not that he is aloof. It is that he is different. He has his own approach. He takes his own line. And somehow the usual cleavages do not seem to find a place as you follow the trails of his mind. In this book, for instance, he ignores or pushes aside a hundred critical problems. They simply do not interest him. He knows about them. He has read the books dealing with them. But they have no fundamental seizure of his mind. He feels that in the Pauline documents and the book of Acts he has come to know a personality. He must portray that personality. And he resolutely refuses to let a discussion of the pigments interfere with the painting of the portrait. I will not say that this satisfies every mood or every person. I will say that in this confused age it is a very fine thing to have at the heart of New York a mind so sane, so clear, so shrewdly wise. There is at times an almost homely honesty about the processes of Dr. Jefferson's thought. But he gives you a sense of solidity and integrity. And he makes religion a very practical and a very definite thing."

"There are after all a good many people who are only willing to get acquainted with Paul when he is not wearing his theological garments," I admitted.

"And Dr. Jefferson's book precisely meets their requirements," said the Lion.

"It is a little as if James had written a book about Paul," I ventured.

"Now don't go mixing your apostles," said the Lion. "It is enough to know that Dr. Jefferson belongs to a true apostolic succession."

CHAPTER XLVI

A Great Organ of Criticism

"WHEN I want to read the most distinguished organ devoted to literary criticism published in the English speaking world—" began the Lion, oracularly.

"You read the Literary Supplement of the London *Times*," I interrupted.

"What remarkable discernment you show," declared the Lion a little glint of satire in his voice, "especially when there was no other possible way to finish the sentence."

My friend pulled a copy of the Literary Supplement from under his pillow. He gazed upon it affectionately.

"I've just been rereading the leading article published the week after Joseph Conrad died," he said. "There is a piece of work done with dignity, with acumen, with complete command of the materials, and with just the gift for the word of high efficiency and the phrase of athletic fitness, which altogether make up an article of adequacy and stability and power. That article will make good reading fifty years from now."

The Lion mused quietly for a little while.

"I like to think of Mr. Bruce Richmond," he continued. "He has been the editor of the Literary Supplement ever since its first number was issued over twenty-three years ago. He has wrought into actual achievement a very high and a very testing ideal. When a man sets out to have every significant book reviewed by the one man in the world who knows as much or more about the subject than the man who wrote the book he is setting a standard for himself which seems like a tempting of all the scornful and ironic gods. Mr. Richmond has aimed as high as that, and what an astonishing accomplishment has been the result!"

"What do you think of his policy of anonymous articles all through the paper?" I asked.

"It's a stroke of genius," replied the Lion, "for it has made possible what has come to be a definite achievement. The Literary Supplement is not an organ of personal opinion. It is an institution with a sort of mighty and commanding personality of its own. It takes possession of a young man who knows his materials but lacks confidence. It lifts him to the level of its own high authority. And he writes as he never wrote before. It takes the man of assured position and wide reputation and makes him for once forget the name which

usually appears at the end of his articles. He writes with a freedom from self-consciousness and from the eccentric elements of his own genius. The great organ at once frees him in one fashion and stabilizes his mind in another. I once heard a keen critic say, 'I have known many men who wrote better anonymously than under their own signatures. I have known none who when the experiment was tried wrote better under his own name than anonymously.' "

The Lion mused a moment. Then he said, "And think of the austere and noble standards of workmanship and of taste which the *Times* Supplement has maintained. One rather envies the man who has created a literary polar star."

My friends eyes were gleaming as he added one other word.

"I think sometimes that I would like to have Mr. Bruce Richmond's mind. Think of watching the whole procession of literary production in the English-speaking world and far beyond from his point of vantage for a quarter of a century. Some day we will all realize how much we owe to him."

CHAPTER XLVII

A Book of Far-Reaching Significance

"WHAT do you consider the best reasoned setting forth of the Christian religion for the modern man?" asked the Lion.

I fenced a bit in my reply.

"When you put a question like that I always know that you have an answer hidden somewhere about your person. So let us have the answer."

The Lion for once fell into my little trap. "That is really what I want to talk about," he said. "I have just finished reading 'Liberal Evangelicalism.' It is called 'an interpretation' and it is written by members of the Church of England. One finds among the contributors such names as that of Dr. E. A. Burroughs, the Dean of Bristol; and Dr. E. W. Barnes, the new Bishop of Birmingham. When Dean Inge had read this book he wrote: 'These Essays will be a landmark in the history of the Church of England.' And when I had finished the series I was ready to say that it might well be a landmark in the history of the Modern Church."

My friend turned over the pages for a little. Then he spoke again.

"These fourteen essays with a dozen different authors are singularly coherent and the unity of the whole piece of work is extraordinary. It is not a hard and artificial thing. It is a living and happy harmony of fraternal spirits viewing a great subject with the sympathy of a common experience and a common idea. The first thing which pleases you is the candor and intellectual honesty of these essays. They lift the most baffling and puzzling of problems. They discuss questions which have aroused a fierce heat of passion and prejudice. And all the while they let fall upon them the clear light of reason and the cool steadiness of an unprejudiced mind. The way in which all sorts of superstition, ecclesiastical and secular, is pushed aside, is a very happy thing. You feel that you are out in the open air under the clear sky, and that the searching sunlight shines everywhere. The man who is afraid of intellectual dishonesty and has an instinctive fear of processes of reasoning conducted in the witchery of an emotional moonlight with many an elusive shadow, will delight in this book. But the second thing about it is a greater thing. It is fundamentally religious. In the best sense of the word it is a book about God. It is a book about

God as He speaks to the world in the person and work and spirit of Jesus Christ. The theological essays are all first of all essays alive with religious experience clothed in the very speech of the thoughtful modern man. You do not feel that you are being offered magical watchwords. You feel that you are in the presence of luminous minds and warm hearts kindled by the glory of the presence of the friendly God. There is an ethical passion which rouses your conscience. There is a spiritual fervor which kindles the intellect as well as the heart. You feel that religion is an experience of the growing mind to the writers of these essays, and that the Holy Spirit is the companion of intellectual search as well as of moral struggle. You have here a great evangelical tradition stated with the freedom of living and growing minds who claim every achievement of science and all the results of capable criticism and philosophy as a part of an imperial and eager religion going forth to conquer the world. You are taught to think of God's spirit as the Lord of evolution. You are made at home in the world of the most critical Biblical scholarship. Religion and science meet in a glad and eager fellowship. And all this is not merely a matter of general principles. The most concrete and baffling perplexities are discussed, problems in society and

church and state are lifted, and everything is seen in the terms of a kind of glowing scientific mysticism."

Once again the Lion was silent. Then he spoke one more word before he turned to other themes:

"I want to know how many denominations contain such groups as that from which this volume comes. Does America have such groups. And if it does, why are they inarticulate?"

CHAPTER XLVIII

A Vital Personality

"SPEAKING of notable preachers in America—" began the Lion.

I waited with amused interest—interest because of the subject, amusement because my friend paused in the middle of his sentence, and did not go on.

"At the moment you seem in the process of being silent about the notable preachers in America," I said at length.

"I was gathering vagrant thoughts and collecting evasive impressions," replied my friend. Then he continued.

"The other night I heard Professor Theodore Soares, of the University of Chicago, over the radio—which almost makes me feel a citizen of the world again. Of course I knew something of Dr. Soares. I understood his place of leadership in religious education, and possessed at least some comprehension of that for which he stood as president of the American Association. But I was not quite prepared for the full impact of his person-

ality as I received it over the radio. I almost felt the flame of his personality like a fire burning near my cheek. The sheer intellectual resiliency swept me out of myself. The sentences with their clarity, their sure thrust, and the dynamic energy of the delivery, gave me a curious sense of contentment. And the preacher's passion coursing through everything else like a great tidal movement irresistibly sweeping forward under all the bright, white passion of the words, spoke to something very deep in me—something not too often touched and roused. I felt at once a combination of intellectual sophistication, keen scholarship, and sincere spiritual passion. It is a happy day when that sort of thing comes right into one's home. I think I should have to put him in my list of America's best preachers among the group who are just now coming to fullness of power."

The Lion waited a little. Then he went on.

"Of course Charles Gilkey would be one of them. There is a sort of penetrating simplicity about his utterance. Perhaps part of it is his voice. Part of it is his style. But most of it is his mind. He knows his materials. He holds an assured citizenship in the world of culture and of Biblical scholarship. Harvard, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Marburg have left their mark upon him. But he has not been cast in his universities. And he has kept

near to the eager and enquiring minds of quantities of young people. You have a feeling that he knows a great deal about the footprints left by the contemporary mind in the trails of life. But back of everything else, there is a figure—ancient but eternally contemporary—from whom he never moves far away."

The afternoon was wearing away and I remembered an engagement.

"But I was going to talk about Charles Jefferson and Henry Sloan Coffin, Parkes Cadman, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and Joseph Fort Newton and Albert Parker Fitch, and Ernest Freemont Tittle and Ralph Sockman and—"

"And altogether the contemporary American pulpit is very wide," I smiled back at him as I passed through the door.

CHAPTER XLIX

Conscience and Taste

DR. G. F. BARBOUR'S "Life of Alexander Whyte" was particularly visible as I came into the Lion's room and walked beside his bed.

"Is your head behind that fat volume," I enquired, and without waiting for a reply continued: "You seem to have set sail in a book for parts unknown and all I can see is the fluttering of the sails."

"Don't mix your metaphors," objected the Lion. Then as he put the book down there was the sound of something very like a sigh.

"I just finished it before you came in and I was rereading certain pages."

He looked at me steadily for a moment, his eyes deep and luminous.

"Do men often do that sort of thing?" he asked.

"Meaning do they often write such books as Dr. Barbour's or do they often achieve such careers as Dr. Whyte's," I threw back.

"Don't be flippant," said the Lion. "I might

mean either or both. As a matter of fact I do mean do men often find themselves as completely and potently in the pulpit as did this great Scottish leader?"

"Not too often I fear," I replied, "but after all most men do not have a biographer, not to speak of such a biographer, and each in his own order and each according to his own powers, many, many men do right valiant and creditable and potent service in the pulpit."

The Lion listened quietly. Then with a quick movement of his head and a certain bright eagerness in his expression, he spoke again.

"But you know I never really knew Dr. Whyte before. I had heard him at Free Saint George's in Edinburgh. I knew that no one else in the Athens of the North or anywhere else for that matter could speak to the conscience as did he. I had chuckled over the saying going about Edinburgh when Dr. Hugh Black was with him at Free Saint George's: 'Dr. Whyte preaches black in the morning, and Dr. Black preaches white at night.' It seemed then that it was prophetic fire in the morning and sweetness and light at night. But I did not know what a humanist Dr. Whyte was with his appreciation of Cicero and Quintillian. Somehow, no one told me how he defended Robertson Smith at the great heresy trial. I quite missed

his appreciation of Cardinal Newman and his interpretation of that mystic who sought rest in Rome to Scottish Presbyterianism. And—well there were no end of things I did not know, which speak right to one's mind and heart. They are all here in this living, interpreting biography. I feel as if I had been living with Alexander Whyte himself. How he combined things you do not often find together!"

The Lion paused.

"Yes," he went on, "that is just what I want to say. He gloriously combined things you do not often find together. Why do not more preachers do it?"

"Why do not more men do it?" I countered.

And the Lion smiled in his friendly fashion as I went out of the room.

CHAPTER L

Getting Acquainted With the Republic

"HAVE you ever discovered America," asked the Lion.

"Why do over again what Columbus did with fair completeness at the close of the fifteenth century?" I returned.

"Don't be absurdly literal," objected the Lion. "If I may say so, you are never less impressive than when you pretend not to understand what, as a matter of fact, you comprehend very well."

"My natural honesty interfering with my mental agility," I added.

The Lion smiled a little sardonically.

"I have known people who tried to turn a personal limitation into something admirable by attiring it in a neat little ethical dress. But to return to America, which is just what you have just done, you know it as a matter of geography, you know something of its history, you know some of the people who live in it. But have you ever really seen it. Have you seen it as some gifted Greek saw fifth century Athens in sudden joy, and

then straightway set about making more real what he saw?"

"I don't know whether I have seen the America of which you are talking at the moment," I admitted. "After all, there are a good many Americas you know."

"I mean for one thing," said my friend, "the America which offers the greatest literary opportunity which has ever come to man in one place and at one time in all the world."

"How do you make that out," I inquired sceptically. "I have heard, you know, of a gifted man named Dante, who was born just in time to make a thousand years of Europe vivid and articulate. Do you think our opportunity equals his? I have heard of another gifted man named William Shakespeare, who was born when a breath of astounding vitality came to England and who with the love of beauty of the renaissance and the conscience which the reformation was already putting into the heart of many a man to whose head it had not given a creed, wrote about human life and its glory and shame and all the drama of its baffling motives and its powerful action as no one had written before. Do you think our opportunity equals his?"

"Stop making periodic sentences where history

poses as criticism, and give a man a chance," cried the Lion.

"History always is criticism," I insisted. "But go on. State your thesis and defend it."

"I mean this," said my friend. And his eyes were shining curiously and his voice rang with a sort of magnetic energy. "The very genius of literature has to do with comparison and contrast. The briefest definition of literature is the seeing of something in the terms of something else and the telling of what you see in appropriate speech rising to beauty as the feeling of similarity or contrast becomes intense. All good writing comes to some form of metaphor or simile at last. You only see a thing effectively as you see it in the terms of something else. And when the joy of what you detect in that moment creates bright and living phrases, you have, in so far as it is all honest and authentic, real literature."

"And what has all this to do with America?" I asked.

"It has everything to do with America," said the Lion. "Before the war a million people were entering America every year seeking to find homes. One man of every hundred you met had arrived within a year. Two men out of every two hundred. They came from everywhere. They represented all the races. They illustrated

every sort of tradition. And here they were jostled and beaten together to make the future American life. If anybody had eyes to see at all, there never was such a story to tell. All other contrasts fade beside it. Any one of our cities contains material for a new literary tapestry of life with all the similarities and contrasts of the human story found in one great palpitating mass. To understand it and to describe it is to help all these people to come to terms with their own environment and with each other. Nobody has understood it. Nobody has described it. Why not discover America?"

CHAPTER LI

History as Interpretation

MY friend was rather restlessly moving his hand about among the group of volumes easily within his reach, as I entered the room.

"When is history not a history?" he enquired half irritably.

"When it is an uninspired classification of undigested source materials," I replied making a rather hideously jumbled sentence.

"Your meaning is better than your diction," said the Lion. "Of course one must never speak disrespectfully of patient and painstaking scholarship, which keeps its microscope bent with untiring perseverance upon even the most unpromising details. It is like being ironic about foundations and still wanting palatial houses. But after all a foundation is not a house. And my objection to certain chaps is not that they know how to classify source materials. It is that they know nothing else. After all John Fiske has to come along to deal with all the historical brochures left by pa-

tient investigators at John Hopkins University before record is turned into history. I'm not impatient with the work of the investigators. But I want a few more of the Fiskes."

"How are you going to get them?" I enquired.

"Now, *there is a question,*" said the Lion. "Of course one would need to change some matters which are very fundamental in education. We have developed a system which produces human adding machines rather than men of culture, and men of detailed technical knowledge rather than men of ripe and mellow erudition."

"Why not do both," I enquired.

"Precisely," said my friend. "I gladly admit that we must do just that. But the first step is the definite discovery that there is such a thing as erudition, such a thing as rich and gracious and glowing culture."

"And how are you going to get at it," I asked.

"Well, not being an educator, I would begin by attacking the reading of the public rather than the curriculum of the school, though I would like to do both. I would charge every young person who is a reader to devour no end of biographies of men who have succeeded in every sort of field. So human values would emerge. And I would advise him to read and read again the books which see in history something deeper than the working

out of an atomic theory of human relationships."

The Lion paused to pick a book off the table. "Here, for instance, is Dr. Shailer Matthews's volume of Harvard Lectures 'The Spiritual Interpretation of History.' Dr. Matthews is a competent scholar. You will find his book on the French Revolution included in pretty much every bibliography of the period. He is a man whose fertile mind ranges over large fields. His students know him for the flash and thrust of his darting sentences. He brings an elastic and agile as well as a highly trained instrument of thought to all his tasks. And with all his knowledge of technique he is conscious of larger and more far-reaching values. If every young man who is specializing in history could get the truth which Dr. Shailer Matthews has packed into his Harvard lectures completely assimilated in his own mind we would have a group of powerful historians who would give us books which added to their technical scholarship a spiritual insight, which would lift them from the realm of catalogues into the realm of historical literature."

"Providing they know how to write," I supplemented.

"Yes," admitted the Lion, "somebody would have to teach them how to write."

CHAPTER LII

A Quiet Evening

THERE was a bright blaze in the big fireplace. And from his comfortable couch the Lion was gazing into the heart of the flame. There was no other light in the room. And his face in the lovely glow of the fire had a singularly arresting spiritual beauty. The freshness of youth was gone, and the fine features which had always expressed such distinction and grace, had changed and mellowed with the years. There was the story of pain and struggle and victory on that face. And quietly resting there one saw a great peace.

The Lion's eyes were glowing with an inner fire which seemed to answer the blaze upon which he was gazing. His hands moved quietly over three books on the little table beside his couch.

"I've been living with Sainte-Beuve again," he said softly, as if the words brought back happy memories. "I began a good many years ago in Paris with all the subtle flavor of the city whetting my appetite. The Causeries du Lundi really marked an epoch in my life. They taught me in

a fashion I had never understood before what a subtly understanding and interpreting thing criticism might be. The other day someone brought in these three volumes of English translations of essays by Sainte-Beuve edited by William Sharp. I have read the three, and by a fine magic I have gone from America and from the traditions of English-speaking men and women and have entered into the Latin mood so superbly expressed by the great essayist. His portrait galleries never can hold their heroes and heroines. They walk right out of their frames into your mind and often into your heart. He captures everything: ideas, individual qualities, social atmosphere. And he portrays and estimates and interprets with a fine urbanity and a warm and gracious justice."

The Lion was quite silent for a while. Then his voice took on a more intimate quality.

"Sainte-Beuve is a keen and interested spectator more than participant—at least so you feel though you know the influence he exerted as a critic. And when I had to learn how to be a spectator my mind went back again and again to Sainte-Beuve. Somehow he taught me that to survey and to understand is to be a part of life after all. Milton did not give me quite what I needed with his great line, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Sainte-Beuve made me feel

the glory of the mind which does not have to stand and wait though the body is caught in the clutches of ugly circumstance. And at last I learned that there are secrets which are only revealed to the brooding mind thrust apart from the fevered heat of the life of action. Of course it was in the New Testament and not in the writings of the great French essayist that I found the power to go on. But if it was the Man of the Gospels who gave me a moral reconciliation to the life I had to live, I needed an intellectual technique for the long days and nights and years. And so when Sainte-Beuve taught me how great a thing it is just to survey and to understand he put me greatly in his debt."

The fire was burning more quietly now. There were shadows as well as lights upon the Lion's face.

We sat for a while in complete silence. Then I followed my friend's eyes as they moved lovingly among the shelves packed with books on every wall of the big and hearty room. Every human civilization and every human type was represented. In this room my friend demonstrated his cosmopolitan sympathy, his citizenship in the whole world. His eyes seemed gathering the essence of the whole collection as they passed from shelf to shelf: books from ancient, medieval, and

modern times, books from every land where books have been written, history and biography, philosophy and poetry, fiction and drama, essays and dissertations. The ages seemed alive in the room which might have been a prison, but which the Lion had made as large as the world.

"You have to have them all," he said musingly, with a little gesture which included his whole collection of books. There were photographs here and there of lads to whom he had given encouragement and friendship through all his years as a prisoner of pain. They too represented many nations and many races. I thought of the lads from China and Japan and India and Africa who had found in this room something priceless and perpetually enriching.

And now we both seemed to want the happy and fruitful experience of friendly silence. Long ago we had learned to think together without words.

The embers in the fireplace were burning very low when the Lion roused himself. There was a curious combination of completed renunciation and joyous satisfaction in his words as he said:

"It has not been too bad."

He waited a moment and then he added.

"In fact it has been very good indeed."

THE END

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